

MIDWEEK PICTORIAL

The Newspicture Weekly

DECEMBER 23, 1936

VOL. XLIV—NO. 19

TEN CENTS



THE PRESIDENT COMES HOME FROM THE CONFERENCE

F. D. R.'s Peace Accomplishments . . . Page 3



PLEASE SANTA CLAUS
Christmas Scenes . . . Page 9



HOLLYWOOD QUEEN FINDS KING
Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers . . . Page 10

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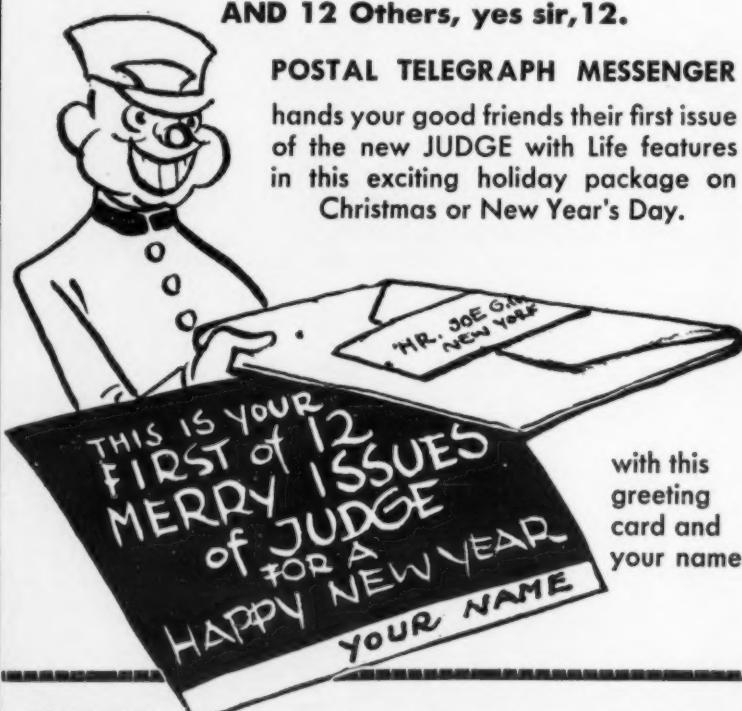
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MIDWEEK PICTORIAL

The Newspicture Weekly

Editor and Publisher: Monte Bourjaily
Managing Editor: Franz Hoellering

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Mid-Week PICTORIAL The NEWSPICTURE Weekly

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Vol. XLIV

No. 19

give both the old and the new addresses. Entered as second class matter at the post office at New York, N. Y., and at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1936, by Pictorial Publications, Inc. Communications: Accompany all photos and manuscripts with return postage; not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs; all correspondence relating to advertising, to the Advertising Manager; all correspondence regarding subscriptions, to the Circulation Manager.

December 23, 1936

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OLD STYLE

No longer will sailors decry the historic Virginian lighthouse on Cape Hatteras as the "worst light in the world." Pensioned off into a national park monument, it no longer will watch "graveyard of Atlantic."

MIDWEEK PICTORIAL

The Newspicture Weekly

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Cross Currents

HELP! We want help! We want to find the good things in life! Find them and present them to you pictorially! It's not as easy as it sounds. Try it.

Try and think of all the good things you know. Good, constructive, cheerful, meaningful things. Things that make you or your family or neighbors or someone in your city or country happy. That mean something to others. That bring cheer and warmth and comfort and happiness into the world. Bright things, lovely, beautiful things, heart stirring, thrilling things. Things to make one proud to be a human being, alive. Things to stir others into action, right action. Mighty deeds. Real jobs well done. Big jobs. Great thoughts. Thoughts to inspire men and women. "Thoughts to move mountains." Thoughts, words, acts that add to the sum of human knowledge, human experience, human aspiration. Dreams. Dreams that are coming true. Dreams that are worth devoting lifetimes to see come true. Hopes. Hope that drives over stone walls to accomplishment. Love. Love that is worth sacrificing a crown for, or a secure home, or job, or family. Love of others. Love of truth and justice. Ideals that fill one's whole being. Ideals to redeem souls.

There is such good in the world, in life. We all know of some. We have felt it, or been touched by it, perhaps have even known it intimately. The point is to identify it, to realize its importance to us as individuals and as a people. Because we are in great need of good now, greater need than at any time since before the Great War.

Think back, those of us who are old enough to remember. Think of the restlessness and misunderstanding and fear that preceded that war. It is abroad in the world again. Aggression, rebellion, defensive and offensive agreements, all the old precursors of war are rampant in Europe. In the Americas, a great gathering

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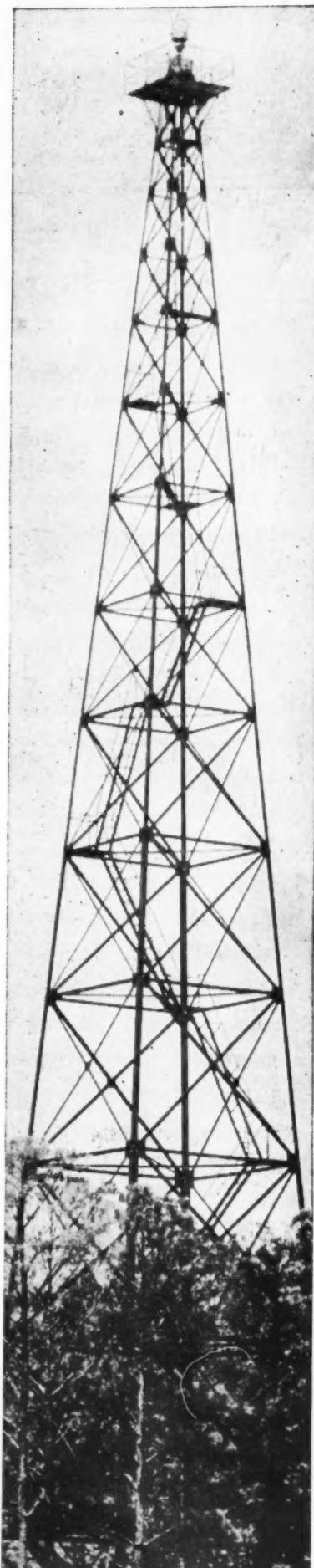
of the new world Democracies in Buenos Aires is consolidating the feeling against war into a pact to keep out of the next European war and to live in peace on this hemisphere.

Crime and strikes and misery are still with us, manifestations of maladjustment in the scheme of things, but happily they are decreasing. The economic revival bringing new jobs and better pay and unprecedented dividends declared before reserves are taxed, are perhaps the most potent agents for good at present. Government alert to the common good will bring better understanding between labor and industry. Business is adjusting itself to the fact that labor through the last election is riding high. All signs here point to national good, if only we can stay out of Europe's mess. That is the picture that we must paint each week, in all its potent colors.

All too often, magazines as well as newspapers are an excellently dressed parade of human mistakes. Life to many people is a messy, dull, uninteresting, unpleasant episode, full of trouble, illness, failures that are as contagious as the most virulent disease. Every individual is a battleground for the forces of Nature and modern civilization. People sense this and instinctively resist the encroachments and claws of modern life.

A common, insidious fear immerses all. This fear drives older peoples into the arms of dictators. Others are driven to new panaceas, and find in Communism the defense they seek. And because all this is true, magazines and newspapers reporting life present the appearance of a parade of human mistakes.

But there is the good, too, a lot of good. There is good for those of us who will seek it. First, we must learn to discriminate between good and evil. Then we must learn to adjust our lives and habits to conform to natural laws and forces. Therein lies the secret for happiness.



NEW STYLE

Cheaper, more efficient, beautiful in a new sense—this lighthouse replaces "Hatteras' Blinking Eye." Old-type lighthouse keepers are becoming legend now, since automatic lights need no constant tending.

F. D. R. Prepares a Storm Cellar for Coming War

THE President is home again, home after a longer trip outside the borders of the United States than any previous President has ever undertaken. Commentators say he has added still another splendid political achievement to his record. That is true—he has.

But what does this achievement consist of? What did he set out to accomplish?

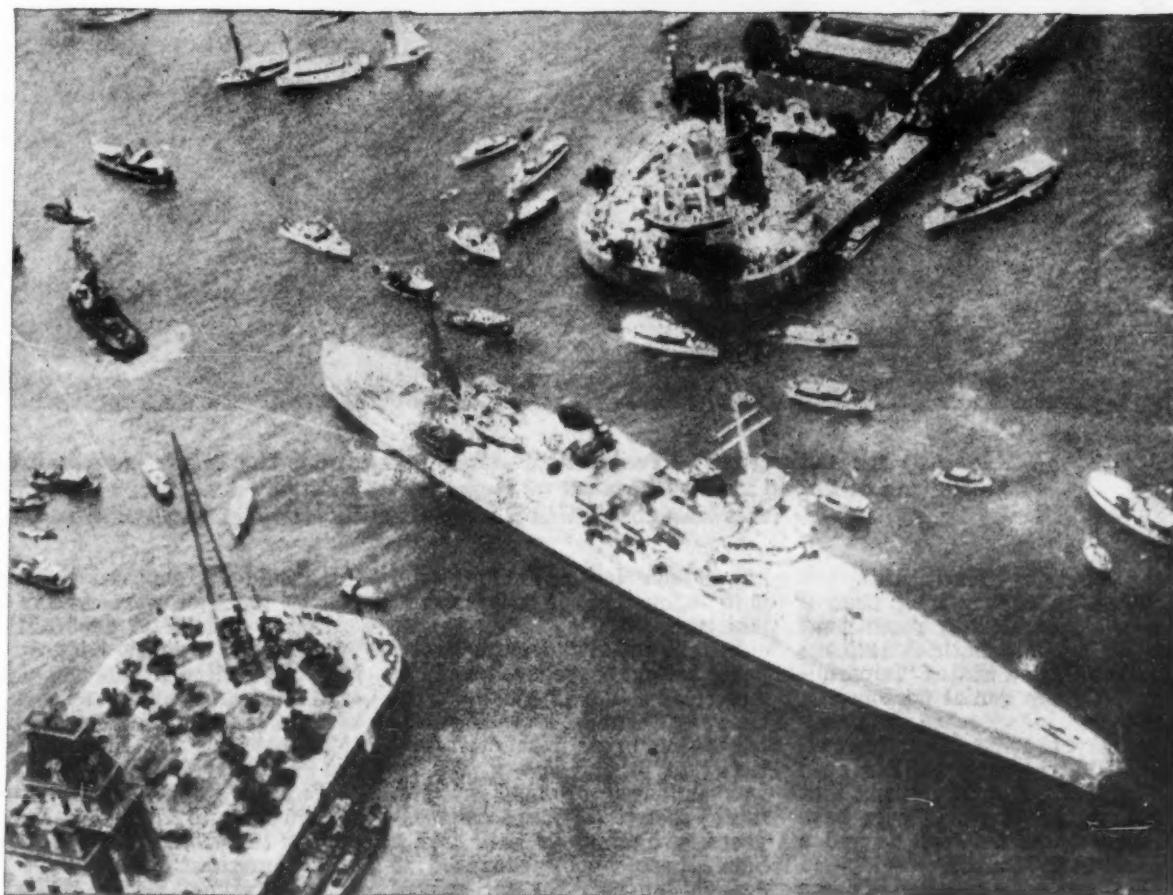
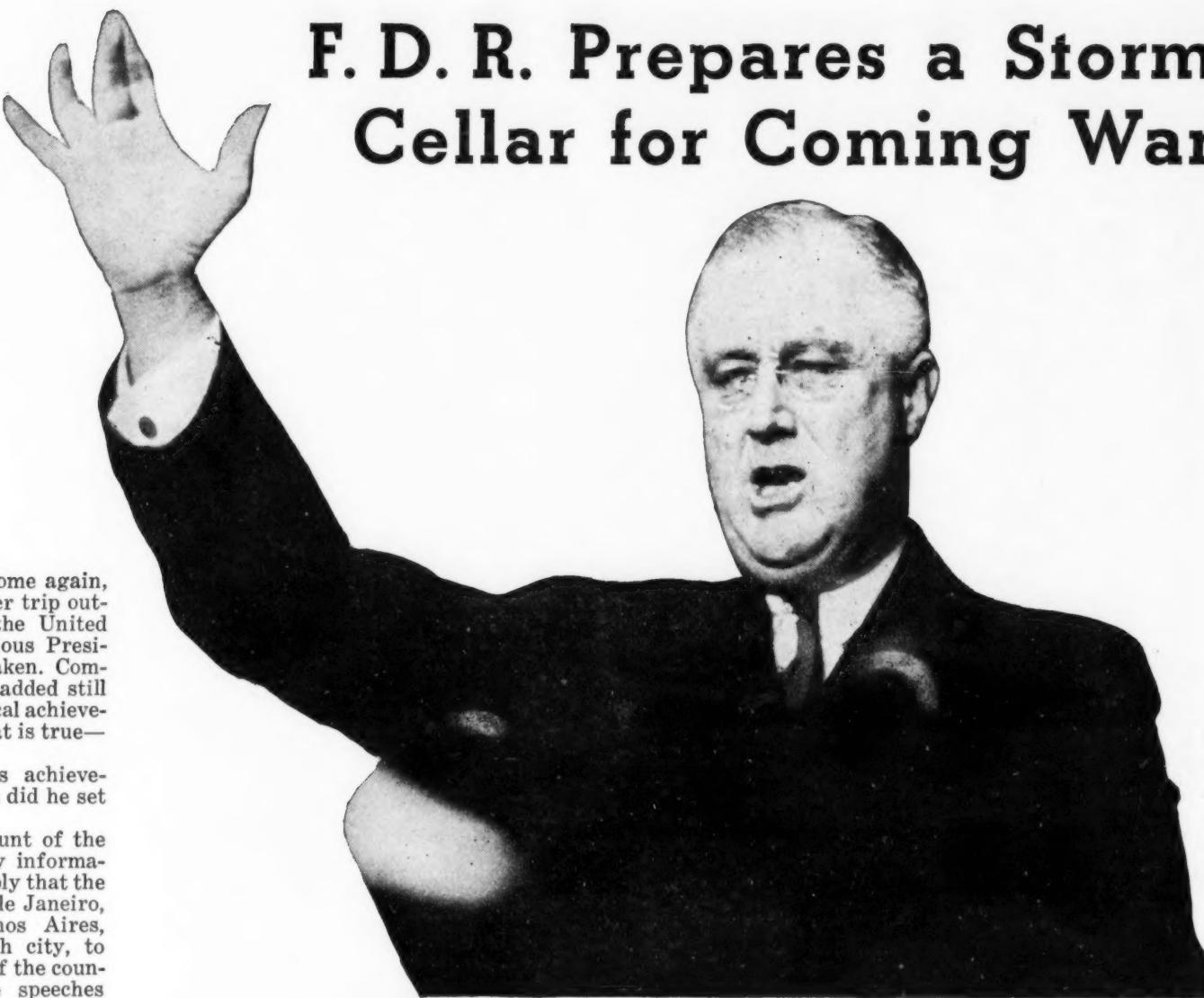
A bare factual account of the trip would not be very informative. The facts are simply that the President visited Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo and Buenos Aires, made speeches in each city, to which the Presidents of the countries replied. All the speeches were limited to generalities on peace, international friendships, the need of American nations to avoid the follies that are leading European nations to war.

Yet it is obvious that the President did not spend four weeks of his time in traveling twelve thousand miles, merely to pass compliments on "your beautiful country" or to speak a lot of beautiful phrases about "hands across boundaries."

It is no accident that he also gave his chief cabinet officer, Secretary of State Cordell Hull, the assignment of attending that conference as well as himself. Clearly the President considered that conference to be very important.

On the surface, his aim was to strengthen the bonds of peace in the Western Hemisphere. While the United States has always seemed in foreign affairs to be altruistic, it may be wondered whether the President took such a long trip merely to help prevent another local war developing in South America, such as the one recently ended between Paraguay and Bolivia. It seems fair to assume that the President was thinking of relations between his own country and the others on the Western continents.

But the idea of there being anything but peace between the United States and the other nations of the two Americas is ridiculous. There is no basis of conflict, none of the urgencies or old feuds that are driving Euro-



International

The President, and an aeroplane view of his arrival aboard the U.S.S. Indianapolis at the breakwater entrance to the harbor of Buenos Aires, the ship surrounded by welcoming small craft bearing thousands of Argentinians who cheered him wildly.



International

General Augustin Justo, President of Argentina, opens the Inter-American Conference for Consolidation of Peace in the Chamber of Deputies at Buenos Aires. Here Roosevelt laid the basis for pan-American cooperation and self-sufficiency in time of European war.

pean countries to hostilities.

True, there has long been a certain smouldering resentment among certain Latin-Americans against United States "imperialism." By his genial personality, his charm, his speeches, the President may, to some extent, have allayed that resentment. But even if he had not, it is unlikely that Latin jingoism would ever have caused a war between us and a nation to the south.

If it was not a question of peace between the United States and other nations in this hemisphere, then what made the President go so far away from home?

The real crux of his speech, the

key to his going on the long trip, is to be found in the paragraph in which he said:

"In the determination to live at peace among ourselves, we in the Americas make it at the same time clear that *we stand shoulder to shoulder* in our final determination that others who, driven by war madness or land hunger, might seek to commit acts of aggression against us, will find a hemisphere wholly prepared to consult together for our mutual safety and our mutual good."

Now, while the Buenos Aires conference was not held, as the President said to it, "to form alliances," those words about stand-

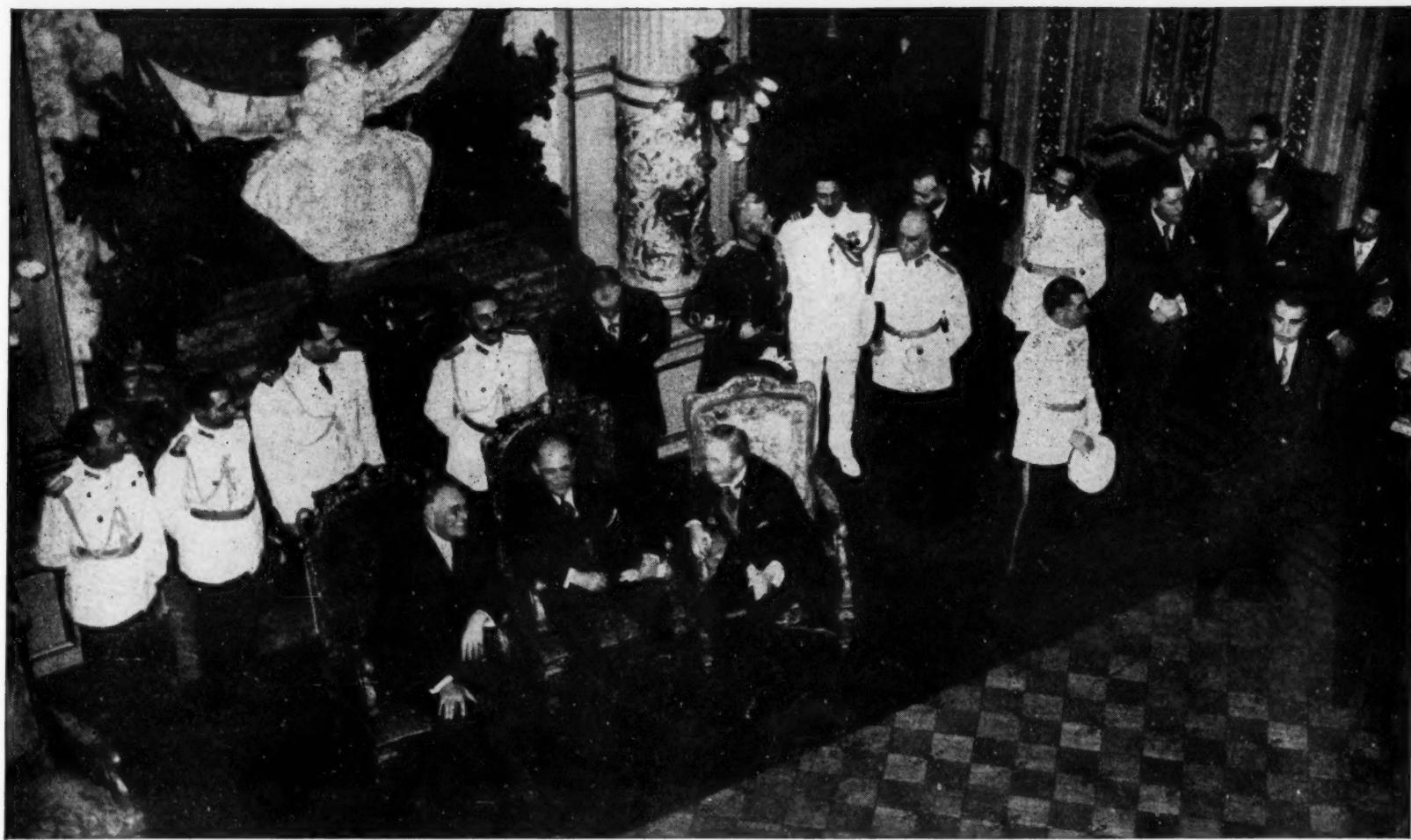
ing shoulder to shoulder and consulting together were, as far as ordinary diplomatic generalities will permit, a gentle suggestion that the United States would be glad to have a tacit sense of alliance, at least, with the other nations between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Why? We have never before needed to stand shoulder to shoulder, or to consult together, with other American nations.

The President clearly told why in the same speech: "Even though the Americas become involved in no war, we must suffer, too [in case of a European conflict]. The madness of a great war in other

parts of the world would affect us and threaten our good in a hundred ways. And the economic collapse of any nation or nations must of necessity harm our own prosperity." (For "collapse" read "revolution.")

There it is—that is why the President, almost immediately following his arduous election campaign, traveled six thousand miles away to make some speeches. He was preparing for the probability of a European war. He was tightening up our own defenses in advance. He was drawing the two American continents closer for self-protection when the holocaust comes over there,



International

Shortly after his arrival at Buenos Aires, the President made a formal call at the stately Argentinian Government House, to pay respects to his host President Justo, shown in the center of this photo. On the right is Alexander Weddell, our ambassador to the Argentine.

across the ocean.

Obviously these preparatory defenses are not military in character. There is no reason to suspect that the most war-mad European nations would commit aggressions in this hemisphere. If they did, mutual assistance arrangements between the United States and other American nations would be more of a liability to us than an asset. We should have to give more than we could possibly receive.

The defenses the President was

engaged in building up were industrial and commercial. If Europe is consumed by war, the United States by itself could not be self-contained. We might be cut off from needed manganese in Russia, rubber coming all the way from the Malay States, other essential raw materials that we do not ourselves possess. But all those materials exist in South America.

Also we should be cut off from markets whence we now export large quantities of our products.

With Europe unable to export to South America, we should find outlets for our goods beyond the Caribbean.

Hence, if—or, rather say “when”—the European war comes, we shall need South America, the nations there will need us. Together the two continents are self-sustaining. The men who listened to the President at Buenos Aires understood all of this, veiled as it was under diplomatic language. And to that extent the President laid the ground-work of

a defense against the dread day when—if we are to avoid a repetition of being drawn in, as we were in 1917, to a European war through our need to trade with the belligerents—we will have to avoid having anything to do with Europe at all.

To that extent, the President's accomplishment at Buenos Aires was the most important thing he has done since he reopened the banks in 1933. The four weeks' time were well spent, the 12,000 miles were well-traveled.



Pictures, Inc.

The President and his son James, driving through the streets of Rio de Janeiro with President Getulio Vargas of Brazil. Note Gus Gennerich, the President's favorite bodyguard, who died three days later in Buenos Aires, seated next to the chauffeur, vigilantly scanning the crowds.



A Fragile Woman Shakes an Empire

RAZE in London, horror in Australia, consternation from the tight little isles of Britain to the very tip of the Cape of Good Hope, thunderous debate in parliament, press and pulpit, and an oratorical earthquake that shakes the British empire to its foundations—all because of a woman, and an American woman, at that.

The King-Simpson-Commons triangle has made British history. It has contained elements of

vital quarrels in the British body politic from ages past. In a sense it is the struggle of King John and the Barons, of Charles the First and the Roundheads, of Henry the Eighth and the Clergy. Those kings wanted to live their lives as they pleased—to extort, tax, declare war, or marry according to their own divine will. Sometimes, as in the case of King John, who was forced to sign the Magna Carta, or Charles, who

Wallis Simpson, center of an eternal triangle between love, duty and the crown, has created an historic episode comparable with tremendous crises in Great Britain's past.

lost his head, the King was the loser. Sometimes, as in the case of the lusty and lecherous Henry, Majesty was the winner.

That a constitutional crisis should arise—and all because of a clever woman with whom a king fell head-over-heels in love—in this enlightened day and age, seems an anachronism.

As for Mrs. Simpson's career, what a Cinderella story it has turned out to be! Did she, as a

Maryland school girl, have a clairvoyant feeling that one day her name would be known wherever there is a written or spoken language?

Adventuress or sweet, honest woman, designing female or wholesome, home-loving spouse, Wallis Warfield Simpson has climbed to heights of feminine fame. She is the woman who rocked an empire.



As a Maryland schoolgirl, Wallis Warfield once wore a monocle.



The bridal photo when Wallis became Mrs. E. Winfield Spencer.



This is the Wallis Simpson, as she was when Edward first knew her.



Here is the Wallis Simpson of the distant past, a picture in 1920, when she was wife of an American naval officer.



For the past three years Mrs. Simpson has been leader of the "younger set" of London's loftiest society.

All photos by International



Star Newspaper Service

Premier Maurice Duplessis, who heads movement for building of New Free State of Eastern Provinces.

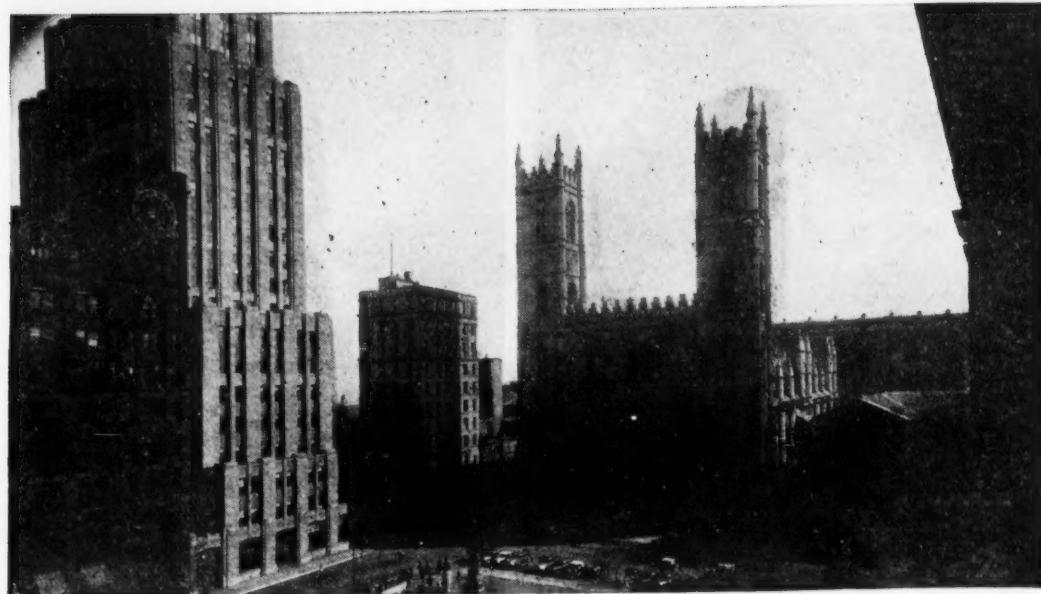
SOME day, if the aspirations of certain political leaders of Canada are achieved, there will be a new "French" Free State, separated from the British Empire, and carved out of the immense Canadian territory where the language, customs and race of the old country have been dominant through the centuries.

The question of "secession," and the intense nationalism that is increasing among the French youth of the Eastern provinces is disturbing the sleep of some of Old Quebec's most seasoned political warriors.

Led by younger men who are swinging away from the old line parties, there is a definite movement for a cleavage from the Dominion of the three provinces of Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, and the formation of a new "republic" patterned perhaps after the Irish Free State.

It was young Quebec, in the main, that aligned its forces back of the Union Nationale party of Maurice Duplessis last Autumn and toppled the old Liberal party which for thirty years held undisputed (and rather corrupt) control of the province. Now Duplessis is Premier, and some of his political foes charge that he is behind a movement which would, if carried to the extreme, lead surely to the secession of Quebec from the rest of Canada.

Camilien Houde, often-time mayor of Montreal, resigned his office when the Union Nationale rose to power, declaring that "it was impossible for any man to resist the rising tide of nationalism in Quebec."



Canadian National R. R.

The Place d'Armes, Montreal, with Notre Dame Cathedral, which may some day be outside the British Empire and capital of a new republic.

Secession in Canada?

French Nationalists Driving Toward Establishment of "Free State" like Ireland, Carved out of Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia with complete home rule.

The secessionists are becoming more open in their propaganda. They have their own magazine—*La Nation*—devoted to the cause of the new French republic, the cause of winning back from England what France lost in the battle on the Plains of Abraham in 1759. Paul Bouchard, a Rhodes scholar and practicing lawyer, is editor of the magazine. He is no visionary, nor is he a crack-pot. He believes that Quebec made a bad bargain, economically and politically, when it joined the federation of nine provinces. He advocates the formation of a separate state, including those parts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia

which are predominantly French, which would have its own customs duties, its own trade treaties, and its own right to control immigration.

In similar vein, "Independence," official organ of the "Jeunesse Patriotes," a nationalist organization of Montreal, defends the idea of a separate nation. Its words are cool and well measured, with none of the fanaticism of zealots. One of its articles says:

"The French Canadians today form a separate nation in every sense of the word. Unless there is some profound change, we must sooner or later leave confederation. In doing so we will follow

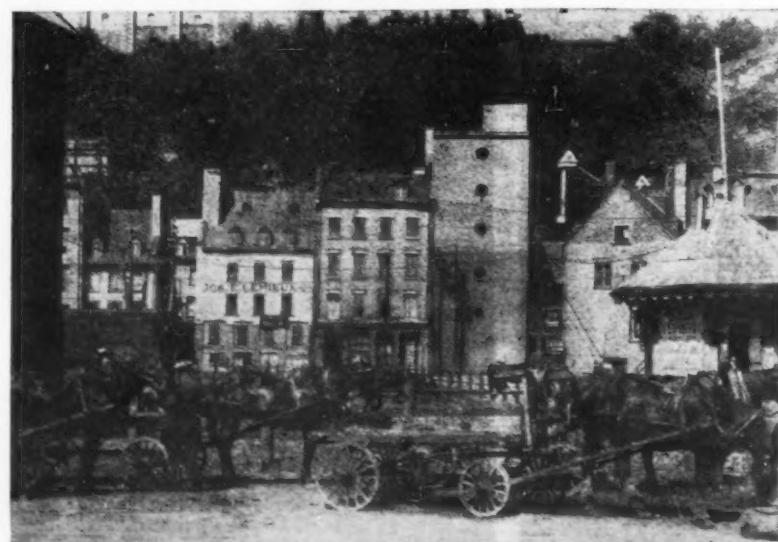
the path of evolution toward independence, which is the only logical path for all who have national pride."

The French population of Canada has retained, for a century and three-quarters, the character, customs and mode of thinking of their pioneer ancestors. While the written language has scarcely changed, save for the inclusion of many Anglicisms, the pronunciation has deviated even more widely than "American" has from its parent language, and it is sometimes difficult for a native Frenchman to understand a Canadian "habitant."

Methods of farming and commerce, however, are distinctly French, and in many of the villages the flavor and atmosphere are typical of little towns of Normandy or the Midi.

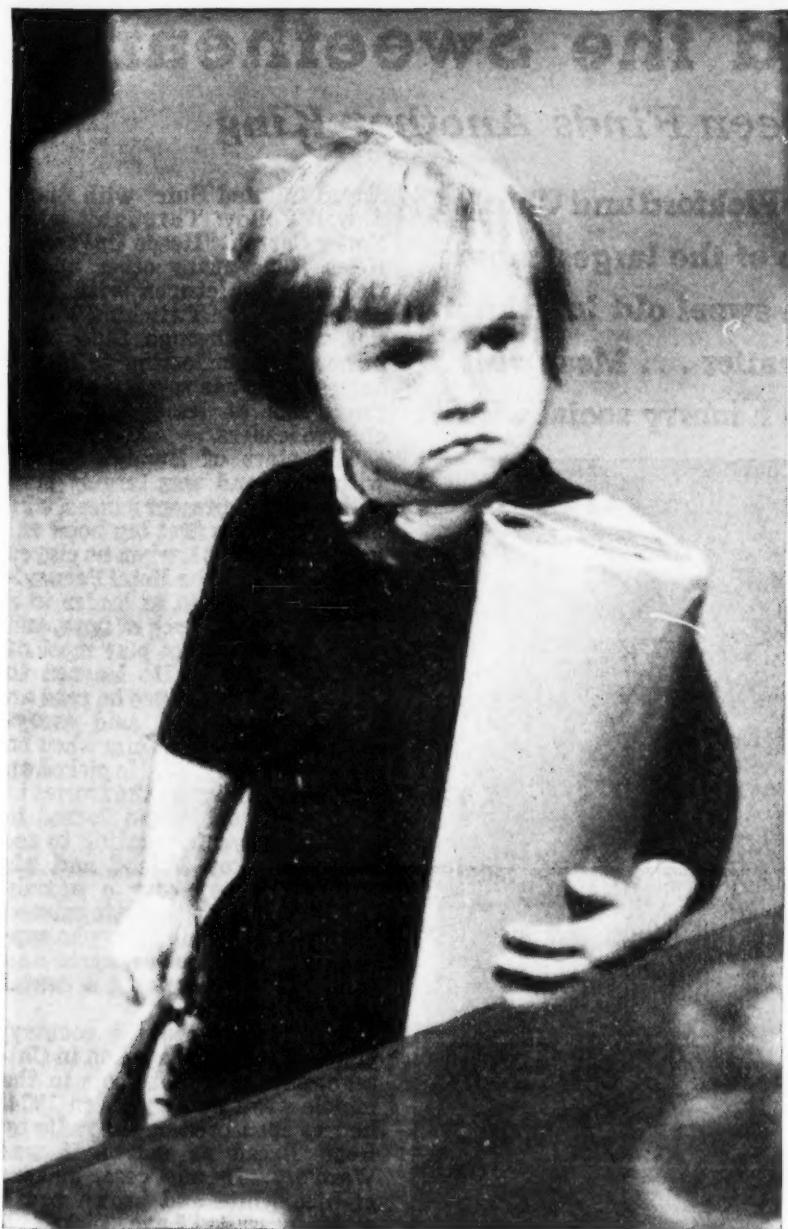
Except for an exodus into New England during the last century, the inhabitants have remained generally on the land of their fathers. Opening of the cotton mills along the Merrimack river brought thousands of French Canadians to Massachusetts and New Hampshire, during an epoch when there was steady work and good pay. In Manchester, Lowell, Lawrence and Haverhill, large colonies were established, and French "quarters," with their own churches and newspapers, sprang into existence in almost every New England city.

Decline of the textile industry sent many families back to the towns of their origin, in Canada, but they left behind them an influence that is still felt in the northeastern United States.



Canadian National R. R.

Lower Town, Quebec—"The French Canadians today form a separate nation in every sense of the word."



Gee, thanks for the present, Santa Claus, but there are just a few more things you might send around on Christmas—if you'd lean down to listen to me . . .



All photos by International

It isn't very much, so couldn't you please see to it that I get them?

Please, Santa Claus

Millions of childish voices chorus to the old saint the desires and hopes which spring up with new strength every Christmas.

BETTER than Alice's Wonderland, ahead of the magical Land of Oz, and almost as good as fairyland are the innumerable square miles of Toyland scattered through department stores over the nation. Presided over by Santa Claus as the monarch of the Yuletide season, it is the mecca of children and the audience-chamber for them and the fondest desires childhood knows at Christmastime.

Even the most timid child,

overawed and terrified at sight of the mighty monarch seated on his spangled throne, loses his fear when the time comes to pour out the list of wanted toys into Santa's over-worked ear. The influence of toyland, with its hum-ming mechanical contrivances, resplendent model trains, building sets and doll's outfits in profusion, is one warm enough to soften all adult hearts, produce smiles of benignity, and to give the childish mind sweet dreams of Christmas morning.



That's some wonderful outfit, but how much of it do I stand a chance of rating?



She would be fine to cuddle. Now I wish I'd eaten those horrid prunes.

The Boy Friend and the Sweetheart

The Former Hollywood Queen Finds Another King

GLADYS SMITH was born in Toronto, Canada, on the eighth of April in 1893. Mary Pickford, America's sweetheart, was born on a D. W. Griffith lot, in a galloping tintype called "The Violin-Maker of Cremona." The change from Smith to Pickford occurred in the early days of the movies, before music made the actresses cry, and when Fatty Arbuckle was teaching the boys on the Sennett lot to throw a mean custard pie.

In the old Biograph studio, the Cremona film was done in two days, and the startling returns showed that through the insane flickering, buzzing, and streaking of the two-day two-reeler, the little curly-headed girl had won a public that was to love her in its destructive fashion for nearly thirty years.

In this picture, her leading man was Owen Moore, whom she later married, in 1911. She managed to keep it a secret for two years, thus giving the first indication that she was an astute business woman.

In about 1918 her name began to be linked with that of an athletic, handsome actor called Fairbanks, himself suffering from the effects of over-hasty marriage. Slowly the wheels of justice ground on (that was before the lawyers were such go-getters), and in 1920 after both were freed, they were married.

Their mistake was probably that they set themselves up as the world's idea of Happy Marriage. It is not well to waste words asking why. Foolish overemphasis on both their parts does not detract from the fact that for ten years they were remarkably good marital and business partners. Along about 1930, Doug got wanderer's itch and started hunting long-haired tigers, which the public insisted on confusing with a certain Lady Ashley.

After three years, little Mary sued Doug for divorce, charging mental cruelty, indifference, and neglect. Shortly after that she tried God in a little blue-bound book. The next year she vigorously wrote a novel entitled "The Demi-Widow," a not over-original story obviously written with one eye to the movie industry. It sold indifferently well.

In 1936 she wrote "Rendezvous with Life." At the same time, public attention was more and more attracted to what looked like a romance between America's Sweetheart and Buddy Rogers, America's Boy Friend. And a month ago, the formal engagement of the 43-year-old actress and the 32-year-old orchestra leader, was announced by Buddy's mother.

Buddy was born in Olathe, Kansas, in 1904; was educated up to a point; was chambermaid to 800 mules on an ocean voyage;

The engagement of Mary Pickford and Charles "Buddy" Rogers ties two of the largest movie figures of the '20s into a sweet old love-knot, in which ages do not matter . . . Meanwhile, Doug Fairbanks pursues a merry social whirl.



Hollywood's Queen Mary refreshes her make-up as she waits at the airport for her incoming fiance.

played in "Red Hair" with Clara Bow, "Follow Through" with Nancy Carroll, "Heads Up!" with Helen Kane, many other undistinguished pictures with fair names from the Twitching Twenties, and was through. Since then he has been conducting with fair success, and has taken a place in the ranks of lesser-known orchestra leaders.

The start of Buddy's career with the band was largely subsidized by his present fiancee, who underwrote his first big hotel engagement in 1931, when he played for a season at the Hotel Pennsylvania. He went in as leader to a highly trained bunch of boys, and faked his ability to play most of the instruments. He learned to play the piano because he read an advertisement that said everybody would laugh at him when he sat down to play. . . . He picked up his great facility on the ivories in ten weeks flat. People flocked to the Pennsylvania wanting to see America's Boy Friend and his boys, and they saw a heavily handsome man with distinguished grey streaks in his hair, who supplied adequate dance-music and wowed the ladies with a dental smile.

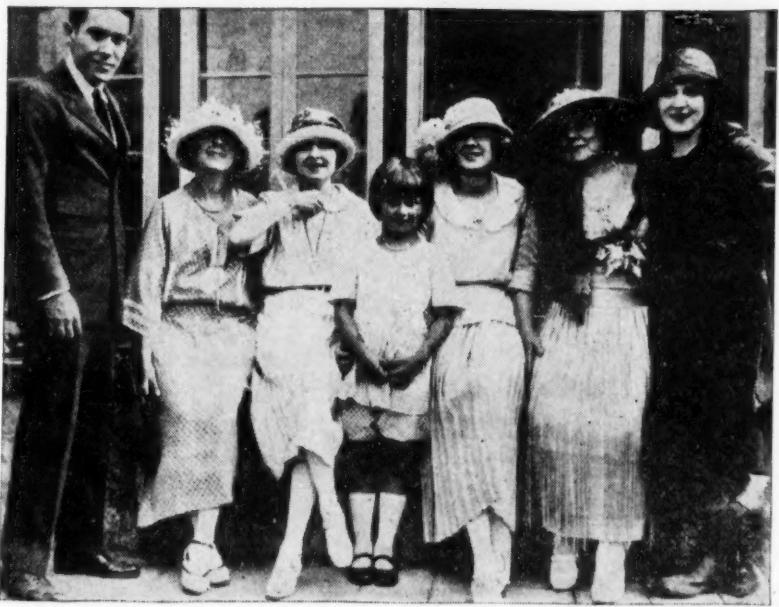
Later he toured the country, playing at the College Inn in Chicago, and other hot spots in the middle west. For a year, in 1934, he was sponsored on the radio by Bond Bread or maybe it was Ward's. . . . In any case, makers of nice white and brown bread could scarcely have picked a cleaner youth to sponsor.

The typical movie of the silent days, you will remember, was a jerky passion play involving flaming youth—boy and girl hissing and crackling straight towards the altar together. Long kisses were all the rage. Buddy kissed his way through more feet of film than has been given to the Simpson question. He came through unscathed.

Doug married Lady Ashley in 1936 and is now living the high old social life in England.

Yet the curious thing about this rather ordinary recital is that neither of the people involved has ever had any scandal remotely connected with his name. Buddy was such a clean-living young man in his movie heyday that it was a screen event when he lit a cigarette in "Heads Up." Mary is still a queen, and behaves with dignity, patience, and quiet cheer.

These two people look to the nearly-1937 worldlike ghosts from a flickering era of pre-depression grotesques, yet the girl is beloved by a public never known for long-term affection, and the man is friendly, handsome, and quiet. They are two nice little people who were picked up and never quite dropped by the tornado of success.



International

An early group. Extreme left, Jack Pickford; No. 5, Marilyn Miller; No. 6, Lottie Pickford; No. 7, our Mary. Picture was taken when Mary was almost at the top.



International

Just before the divorce. King Doug and Queen Mary in one of their last "devoted" appearances. Their romance lasted so many years that it was regarded as permanent.



International

At the cocktail party announcing the formation of the Pickford-Lasky Corporation.



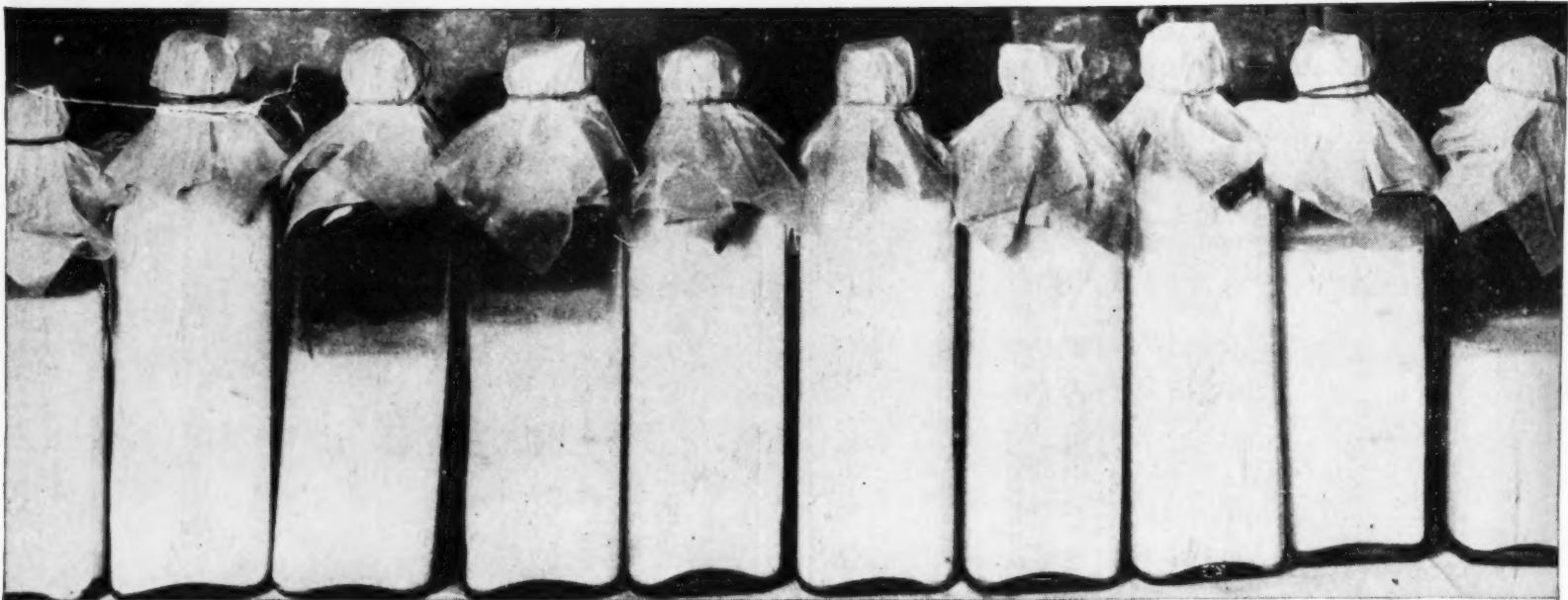
Acme

Mary Pickford and Charles "Buddy" Rogers waiting at the airport for his mother, before the announcement. Mary "never looked more radiant," according to friends.



International

R. V. Collins, internationally famous speed-boater, takes Mary Pickford for a ride. The actress has always been a devotee of outdoor sports, and loves speed.



All photos by Acme

Long rows of these bottles of pasteurized mother's milk await distribution to hundreds of babies who are undernourished and need the vitality and food value that only this substance gives.

Mother's Milk Best for Babies

WHEN the New Jersey quadruplets were born this year, New York City authorities helped save their lives by sending, under the accompaniment of shrieking sirens, a few ounces of mother's milk.

That was an emergency, but in hundreds of daily cases in the nation mother's milk may mean the difference between life and death for undernourished babies. Some mothers do not have enough of it to nurse their own babies, while others have more than they need. Equalization of this supply and demand is necessary for the sake of infants who might otherwise never survive.

To accomplish such equalization, ten modern stations are maintained in various parts of the country for the collection and dis-

tribution of mother's milk. One of the largest is the one pictured, situated in the California Babies' Hospital in Los Angeles. The procedure is seemingly simple, but back of it lie careful scientific and hygienic research. After a thorough physical examination, a volunteer mother is accepted. She daily brings to the clinic at least 16 ounces of milk, and electric pumps are employed to secure the remainder. Most mothers supply 30 to 40 ounces a day, at the rate of 7 cents an ounce. After pasteurization the milk is distributed to needy babies, free for poor ones. The surplus is frozen and may be "melted" when needed.

The record is held by a mother who furnished three barrels of milk in one year and made \$2,000. And countless infants are saved.



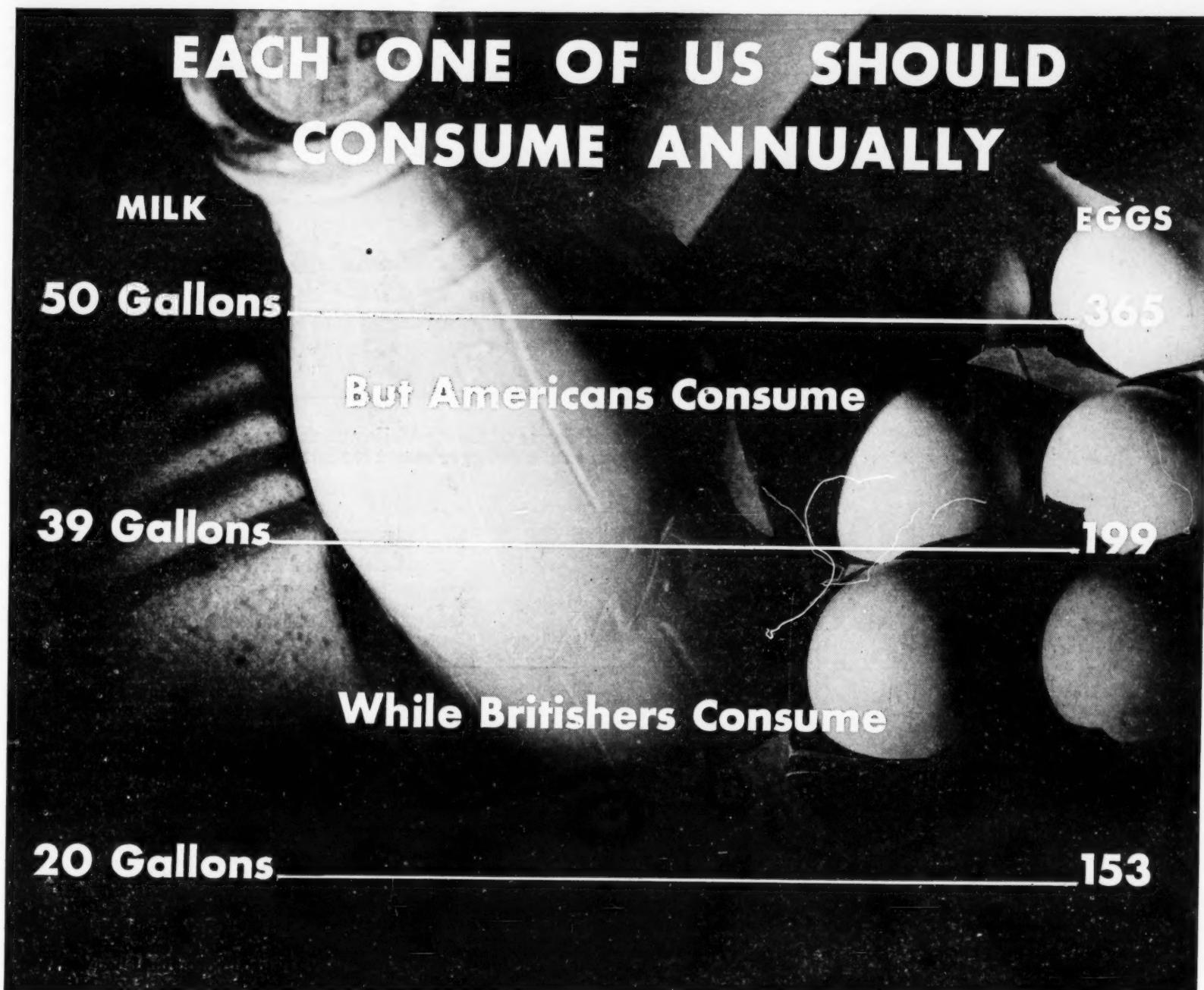
Scientific methods of sterilization in securing the milk prevent all possibility of contamination.



A mother brings her child for the nourishment which only another woman, under medical direction, can give.



The surplus of mother's milk is poured in sterilized pans, preparatory to being frozen for later distribution.



There Should Be Enough to Eat!

No nation in the world has enough to eat. That sounds like a bald, even ridiculous, statement but statistics prove it is the truth. The various peoples of the earth do not get the nutrition they should have, in part because of agricultural faults, and in part because of economic circumstances.

Our economic system is geared to produce much more than it now does. The world population is eager to—in actual need of—expanding its consumption. Yet both aims remain frustrated. Nowhere is this situation more conspicuous than in the sphere of agricultural and food consumption. Western Europe and the United States—taken as a whole—have no real difficulties in producing food. Yet both Great Britain and the United States, gen-

erally regarded as the wealthiest nations on the face of the globe, do not maintain their civil populations at normal dietary standards.

In this respect our civilization has regressed, rather than advanced, in the past sixty years. The World War served only to aggravate the situation. It set up a whole welter of impediments to international trade. When food does finally get through the various tariffs, quotas and exchange regulations, there isn't enough of it and it costs too much to be of any general use.

Certain groups in the export and import countries have finally come to realize that the structure of international trade which followed the World War brought no solution, only disaster.

In September, 1935, the Assem-

But statistics show every nation in the world lacks nutrition because of trade and economic factors which keep people below standard necessary for abundant life.

bly of the League of Nations approved a study of world nutrition. The study has not been completed, but first results include some interesting findings.

In the first place, the League experts found that the major deficiencies existed in protective foods—foods rich in minerals and vitamins—rather than in the energy-giving foods, with proteins, fats and carbohydrates.

Secondly, they pointed out the specific areas now suffering most keenly from malnutrition.

In the Orient, for example, the working class subsists chiefly on cereals and beri beri; as a result, women are soon exhausted and the average length of life is shortened. In native Africa and among the Indian population of South America the same situation exists. Eastern Europe, as a whole, is

poorly fed; in some wheat-exporting countries of that region the per capita consumption of wheat is lower than in importing countries.

In countries with supposedly high dietary standards, malnutrition is far from non-existent. In the United States, people in the South suffer from pellagra because of the prevalent corn and pork diet. Of New York City school children, in the period 1927-29, 13.8% suffered from malnutrition. In 1932, the percentage was 21.1. In Great Britain, 20% of the population is deficient in calories consumed, 35% in calcium, and 50% in vitamins A and C, phosphorous and iron.

For a number of economic reasons, there is little likelihood of any great advances in overcoming the problem.



All photos by D. V. Wilcox and associates
Time leaves the great sand dunes of Death Valley unchanged, but man transforms
a sinister region into a swagger resort for hunters of sunshine.



Arizona Bill knows where
the desert gold is hidden.

A FACETIOUS traveler once remarked that the desert region of California is a place where "you can see farther and see less than any other place in the world." His sardonic friend added that "there are more rivers and less water than anywhere else on earth."

As in other clever observations the truth is but half-stated. Certainly the desert tourist can see far. He can behold a distant horizon with mountain peaks apparently hanging from the sky like painted back drops. He can too, if he is desert-wise, catch glimpses of a vanished era with its reminders of fabulously wealthy mines, lost towns, and grim tragedy. He can see wild canyons, deep arroyos, fantastic rocks and tortured land reaching toward kaleidoscopic ranges. There are rivers too—dry washes—where only in a blue moon does the water flow.

This is Death Valley of the Great American Desert.

But the name is a misnomer. Death Valley is changing. Not its name, of course. That would never do in a day of advertising values

Death Valley Comes Alive

Old timers would hardly recognize the forbidding land where motor caravans now roar over new roads to palatial hotels built on the hot sands

cashable at a bank. Death Valley is just right in a period when the vogue turns to mystery, toward the weird, and the bizarre. It would never do to rename it. It must remain legally dead for the title commands respect and awe.

Recently the present Administration in Washington by Presidential decree acted to preserve this valley of death from the vital forces of life that seemed about to overwhelm it. It was decreed that the real Death Valley should remain. Before each dried-up wagon frame is fenced in and every group of animal bones have been carried away by souvenir hunters, Death Valley which fitted its title, did exist. Probably, though, like Nick Carter, Diamond Dick and Buffalo Bill, the school boys of tomorrow will not believe it. In fact, already there are skeptics about Death Valley history.

To look down from Ryan, four thousand feet, is to see Death Valley yawning in tranquility. For a short season during the winter months it seems to deny its name. Automobiles and motor busses wind down the fifteen mile length of Furnace Creek wash, from Ryan to the Valley floor, taking hundreds of tourists from California and the East, to see the vast, mysterious, color-filled, but still ominous, sink.

For a time the motor caravans continue. Costly equipment flows over new roads to hotels built on the Valley's floor. Capital has found a good investment in a region once mentioned in bated breath. Other capital is peopling the hot sands. Overlooking the changing dunes there is found a quietness that seems to have been lifted from northern Africa. One region is named for it, in fact, being called an American Biskra, after the original which was recently restored by France. America thus seeks to capitalize its own



Palm trees grow at the desert oasis, and camels are imported to give the proper color and atmosphere.



The Devil's gold course is an expanse of salt, crystallized into weird and fantastic shapes, varying in height from an inch to three feet. The floor of the Valley was once a great inland sea.

desert values for tourist purposes.

It is an interesting development. First, a region cursed by thirsty, famished, tattered, bleeding pioneers seeking gold; blessed and cursed by prospectors who find and lose their wealth in its wonder mines. And now again blessed for its reputation and its heat by the modern developers who are appealing to the city-tired worker seeking to flee from snow-slippery streets. In these tourist lures there are strange mixtures of many odd localities—the buildings of the cliff dwellers, the Mayas, Pueblos, Spanish rancheros, cabins of the gold seekers of '49, bunkhouses of cowboys—but most of these with all the frills of the Beaux Arts.

Ancient Africa, Valentino sheiks, and the restlessness of wealth has now made the hot

sands of Death Valley a valuable commercial development. That the alkali soil contains gold, if found, that the air is dry, the sun bright and beneficial in moderate doses during the winter months, makes the Great American Desert a powerful lure when automobiles with their trailers are well-nigh universally owned.

On the trail in, there are still found here and there the broken wheels of covered wagon days, or the remains of vain mining hunts. There will always be the shifting pyramids of sand that to the first travelers proved treacherous and changed the very scenery. These same winds first preserve and then reveal these remains of another day.

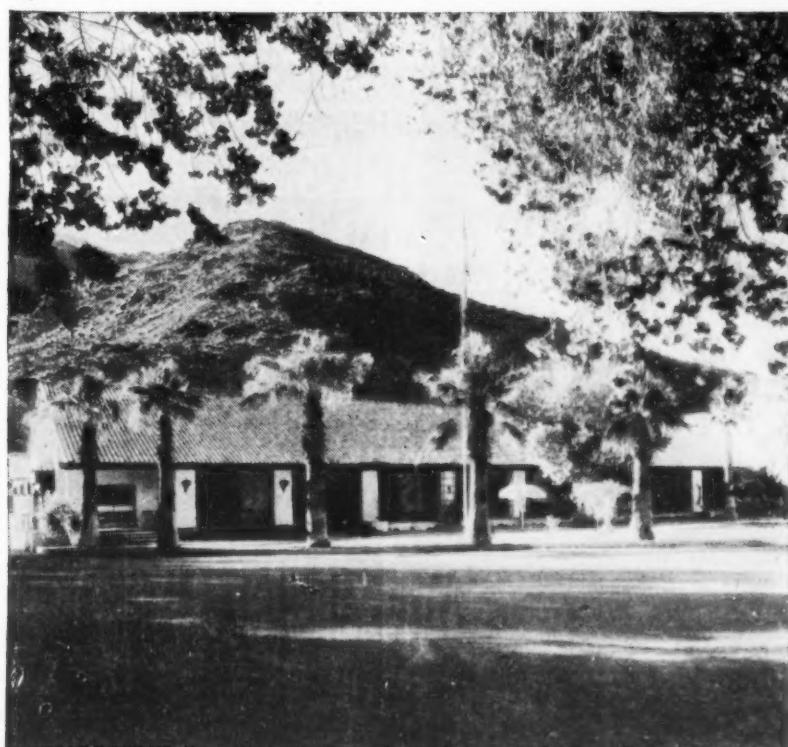
Death Valley is two hundred and seventy-six feet below sea level as every school boy knows.



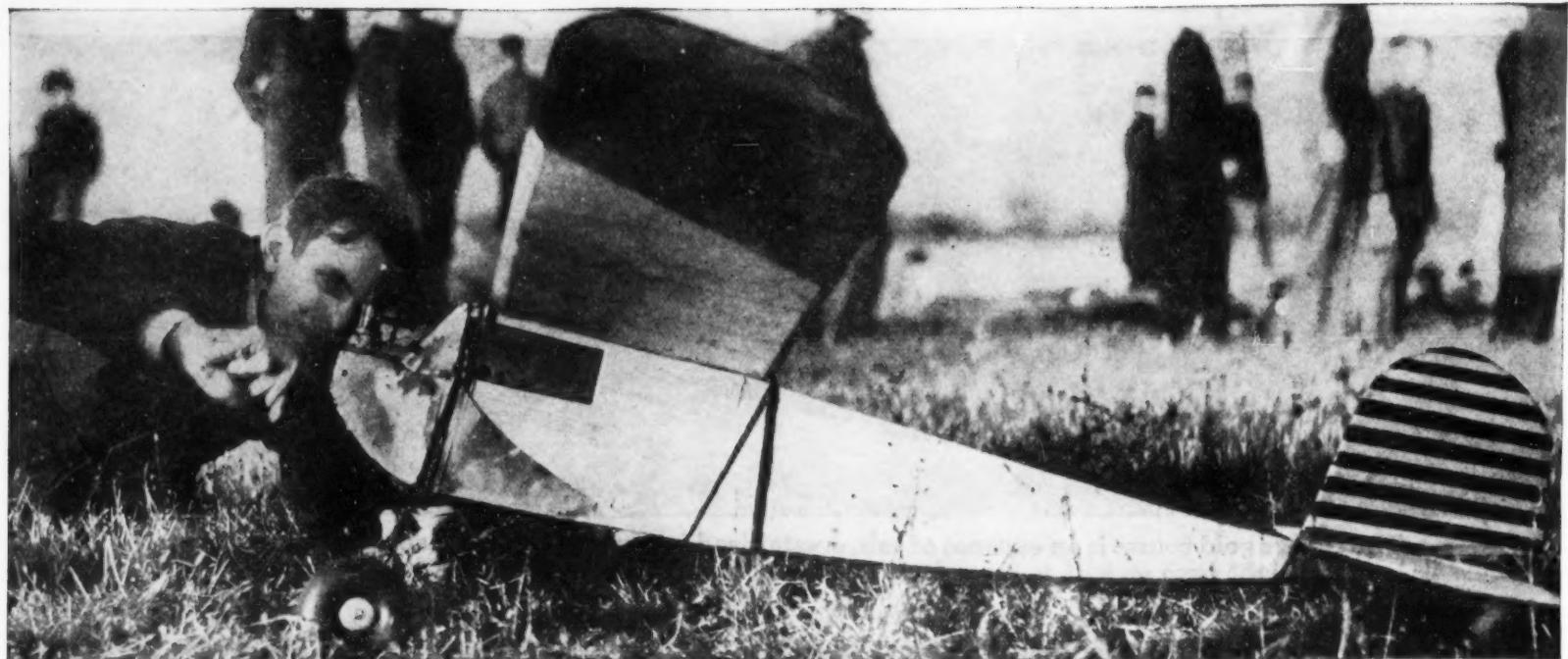
Main street of Rhyolite, or "Bull Frog", as it was once known. This town prospered, then died.



A miner with his bottle of "quick" used for testing out findings. He is standing near the ruins of a "ghost city"

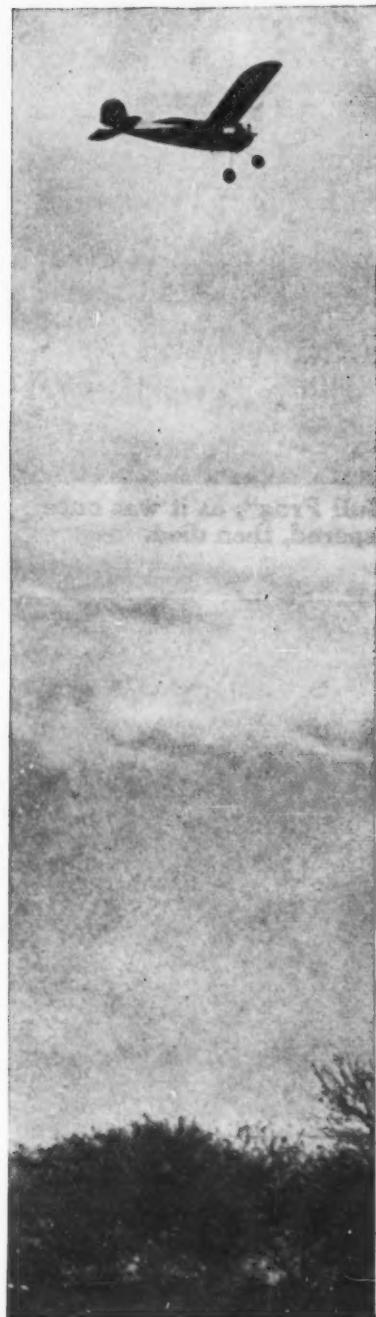


One of the newer hotels, a pioneer at Palm Springs, where movie stars go to bask in desert heat.



Soibelman Syndicate

Anton Balle, of Brooklyn, winds the propeller on his home-made airplane, ready to take off on first annual contest for models at Hadley Field, N. J.



Soibelman Syndicate

A model plane in flight on a teaspoon of gas.

Flight! On an Ounce of Gas

No professional engineer building great airplanes for commercial transport, no designer for Douglas, Curtiss-Wright or Sikorsky, lavishes more study and care on the machines he builds than does the American youth who makes a hobby of creating model aircraft.

Seventy such competent boys entered their home-made flying machines in a recent contest at Hadley Field, N. J., and the spectacular flights they achieved with tiny motors consuming gasoline by the teaspoonful amazed a thousand spectators.

Each of the one hundred mod-

els entered was allowed one-sixteenth of an ounce of fuel for each pound of weight. The test of efficiency was the length of time the small plane could remain in the air under its own power. The competence of the small motors was demonstrated by Maxwell Bassett's machine, which circled the field high in the air for nearly seventeen minutes, to win the first prize.

The model builder has much to learn. He must study the new science of aero-dynamics. He must be an amateur mechanical engineer. He must know the principles of stress and strain on the

These model airplanes, built by boys, have tiny engines designed with all the care of a Sikorsky.

materials he uses, and on a small scale, his work follows exactly the pattern of commercial designers.

Such a hobby consumed all his waking hours. But it is fun, and there may be a future in it.



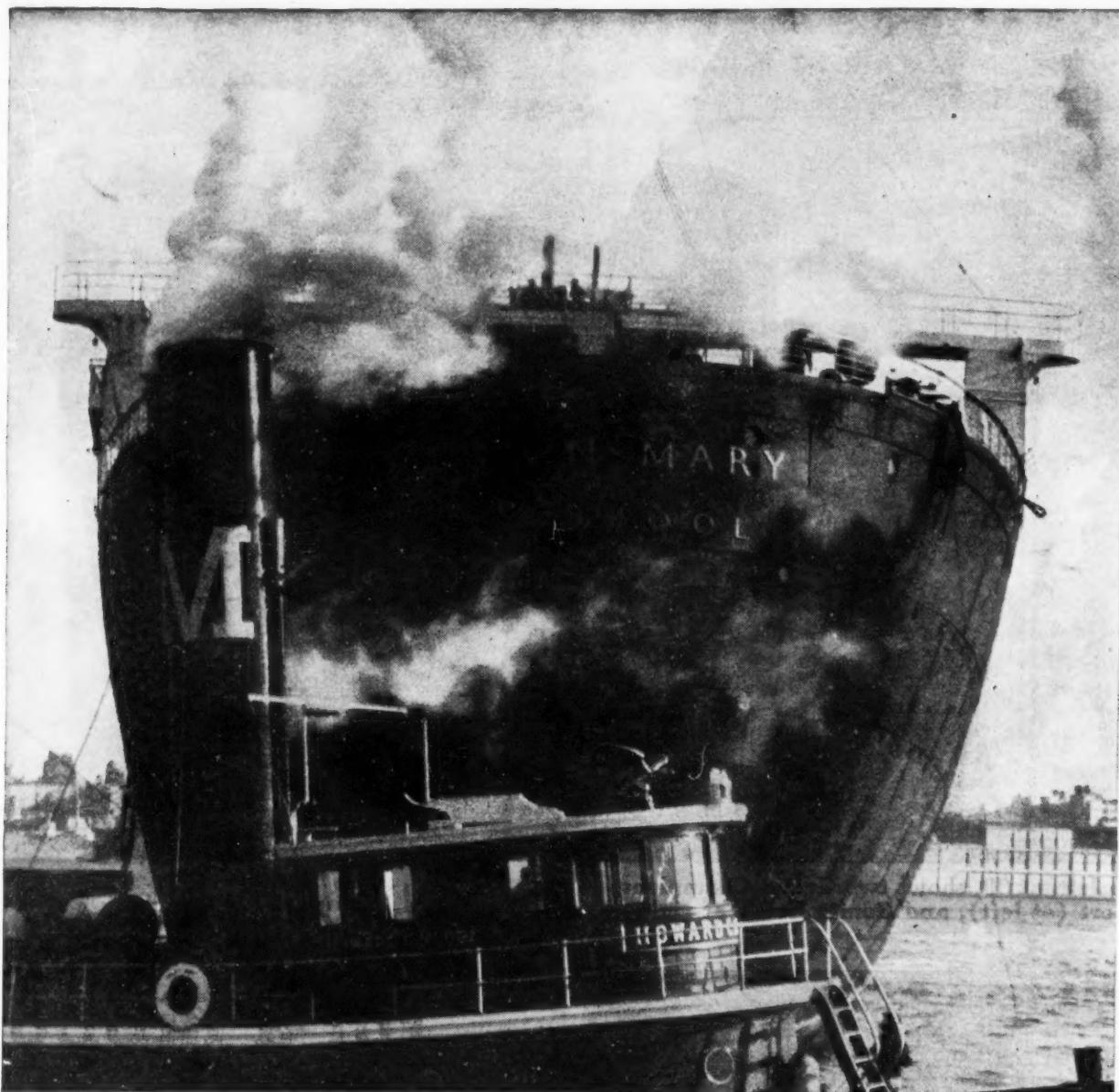
Soibelman Syndicate

Maxwell Bassett, first prize winner, starts the motor for flight that lasted 16 minutes, 46 seconds.



Soibelman Syndicate

Herbert Greenberg releases a prize-winning model.



Here is the stern of the largest ship in the world, the Queen Mary, seen as only the crew of the Moran flagship view it when she churns up to take her tow.

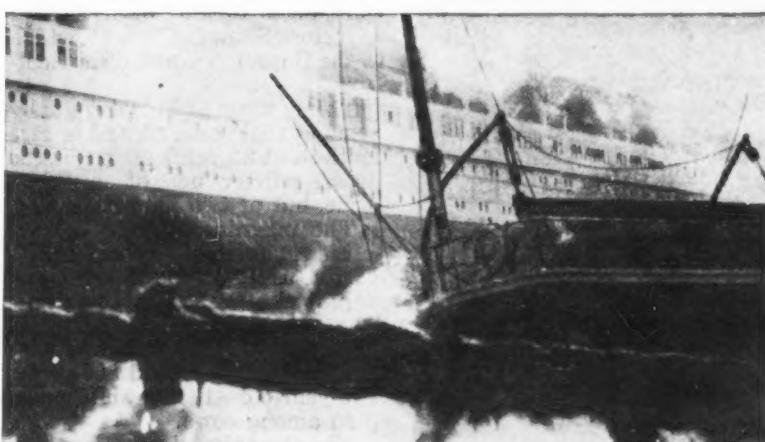
Queens Must Be Handled Gently

IN the middle of the Hudson, almost abreast of the Empire State Building, the Queen Mary slows her quadruple screws and Captain Muller of the Moran Towing Company climbs up her flank to "ride the ship" until she is fast to Pier 90. With a police whistle he signals to the Moran family of tugs at the bow, and with the ship's great blast he directs twelve tugs astern.

Tugs work against the tide. In a moment the first lines are thrown; three tugs rush to the giant prow, their hempen noses pushing gently while their propellers furiously churn. The Mary is not a "dead ship"; her engine do their part, the tugs simply help the maneuvering.

At first the Alice M. Moran holds aloof, and then Captain Huseby steers close around the

Twelve tugs flutter around the "Mary" and nudge her softly into her berth, a docking process that requires precision, timing, and 2350 horse-power, plus liner's own engines.



Staff photos by Nelson
The tug eases up to the Queen's flank, where her captain climbs up to "ride" the liner into her dock, directing twelve powerful tugs.... The hauser is six inches thick.

huge blunt stern. She gets her line, three blasts roar from the Queen, and the Alice, with the Howard C. Moore, obeys with full speed ahead. Other tugs are coupled to the Alice and the Moore, so in tandem formation 2350 horsepower pulls the liner into position.

The Moore drops her line on the completion of her job, but the Alice brings hers to the end of the dock. Once it is secured there, she backs around the stern, for emergency, but unless one arises, she is not needed. Seven tugs have already nudged the Queen so close that the gangplanks are swinging aboard and the passengers are following their baggage off the great ship.

Under ideal conditions the task may be completed in 45 minutes. Usually it takes an hour.



Robert H. Hazlett, at 89, shows two Grand Champions, Hazford Rupert (at left), and Bonito Zoto (at right).

Acme



VICTUALS.... That's all a Berkshire Barrow Grand Champion hog seems to think about, says Ruth Smith.

Acme

30 Years' Work For a Ribbon

The breeding of blue ribbon stock means better food, richer milk, more tasty meat for America.

FOR thirty years, Robert Harmon Hazlett, after retiring from his career as a lawyer in Springfield, Ill., devoted himself to stock raising in the hope of producing a prize winning cow or bull. For thirty years, his ambition was thwarted, for his cattle never received an accolade from the judges of the International Livestock Show in Chicago, which is the Supreme Court of agriculture.

Thirty years of industry finally brought their reward, and Squire Hazlett, at 89 years of age, is the proud winner not of one first prize, but of two blue ribbons.

The magnificent beast at the left is Hazford Rupert the Eighty-First, a 1,300-pound yearling, adjudged a grand champion bull. The lady at the right is Bonito Zoto (sounds like an Argentine dancer) and she is an 1,800-pound two-year-old—the grand champion among cows.

The champion stock raiser himself had to remain in his wheel chair during the awarding of the ribbons.

Mr. Hazlett has another claim to distinction. He is one of the few persons still living who knew

Abraham Lincoln. He was one of the staff of prosecutors which solved and smashed the bold plot to seize the martyred president's body and hold it for ransom.

After his retirement as an attorney, Mr. Hazlett moved to Kansas, to become one of the largest stock breeders in that "typical prairie state."

Time and blue ribbons mean nothing to a hog, whose only interest in life is victuals and more victuals. The life of a hog, however, is of great interest to agricultural students, who, by experimental diets and careful attention to selection in breeding, have produced amazing changes in the species.

The Pennsylvania State College sponsored the animal shown on this page. It is a 280-pound Berkshire Barrow, adjudged a grand champion by the experts at the International Stock Show.

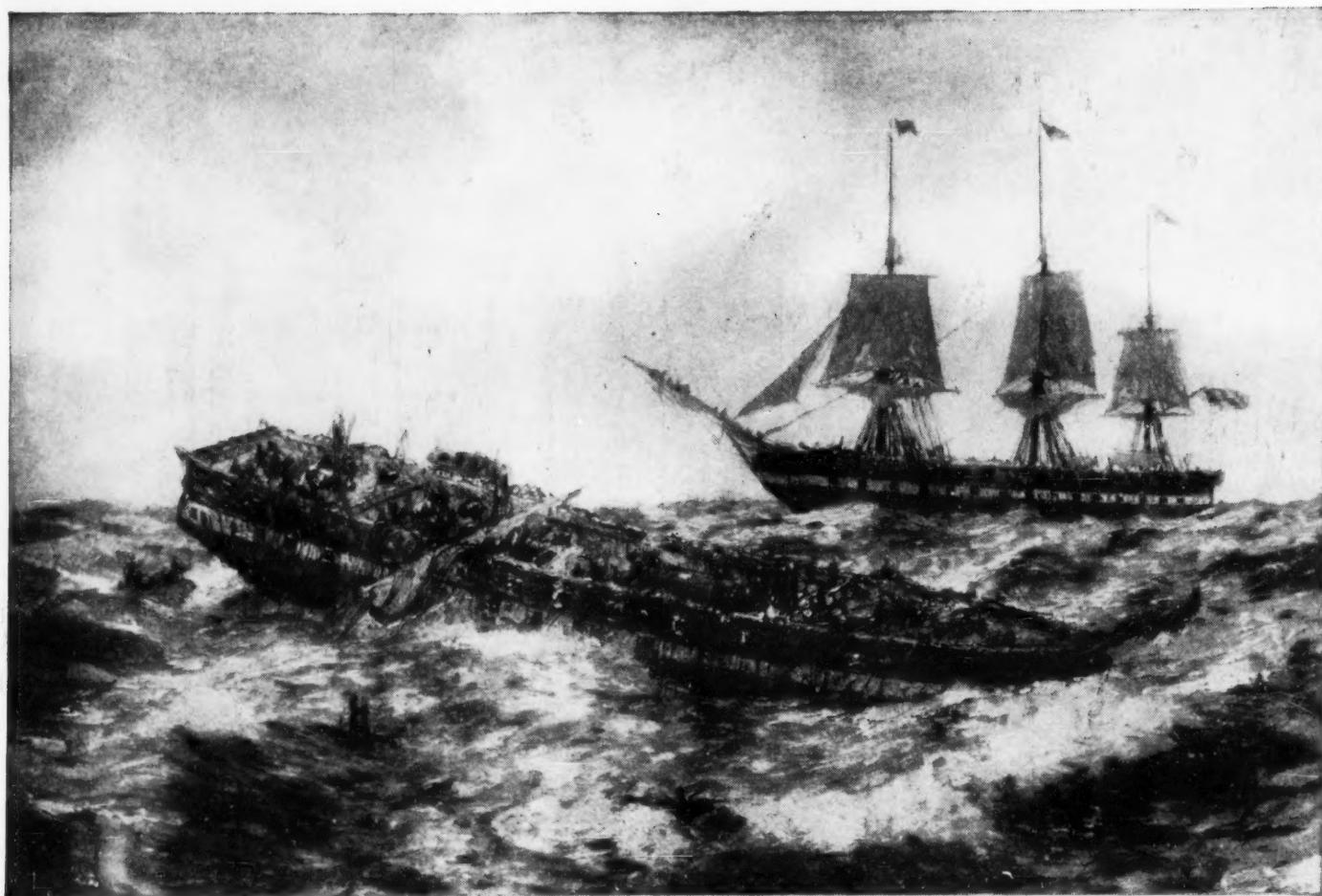
The process of stock breeding continues in America from generation to generation, always with improvement. The weeding out of poor stock, "scrubs" among cattle, "razor backs" and weaklings among swine, is resulting in a continual rise in standards.



A Picture 26 Years Old Wins Prize Today

December 23, 1936

William Warneke's remarkable news shot of attempted assassination of Mayor William J. Gaynor in 1910 is awarded first honors by Press Photographers' Association judges.



As she was in the days of her heroic past, the pride of the United States after her successful exploits in the War of 1812, when she won the fame that preserved her from ocean graveyard.

Old Ironsides Faces Modern World Alone



William D. Plumb, the last member of the vessel's final crew, is now gone.

FAMOUS to several generations of American school children long since grown up, the old frigate U.S.S. Constitution, widely known as Old Ironsides, continues to sail the ocean today, as she has for 139 years. But now she does so alone, for with the recent death of the last surviving member of her last crew, she has lost her last link with the glories of her past.

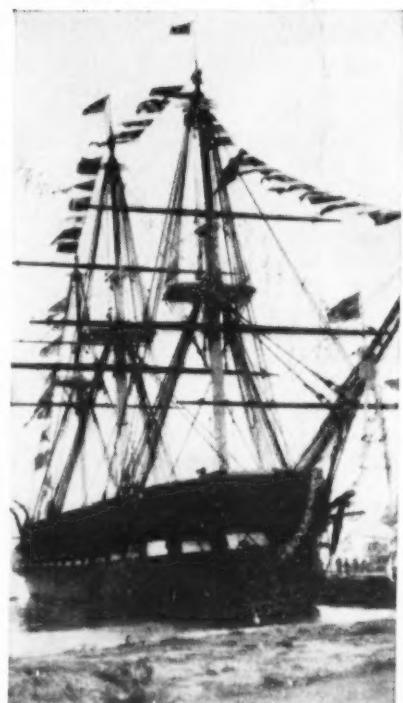
The last crew member, William D. Plumb of New Jersey, died while recounting the ship's exploits for the benefit of school children, as he has in hundreds of places for thousands of small listeners.

It was a story he loved to tell. Usually he began it at the point where Old Ironsides was launched, way back in 1797, under the first naval appropriations bill. She was one of the first three naval vessels built by the United States. In those days, armaments races were a matter of the long-distant future, and such ships as Old Ironsides were built to make final our independence from Britain, rather than to beat the next country to bigger and better naval arms.

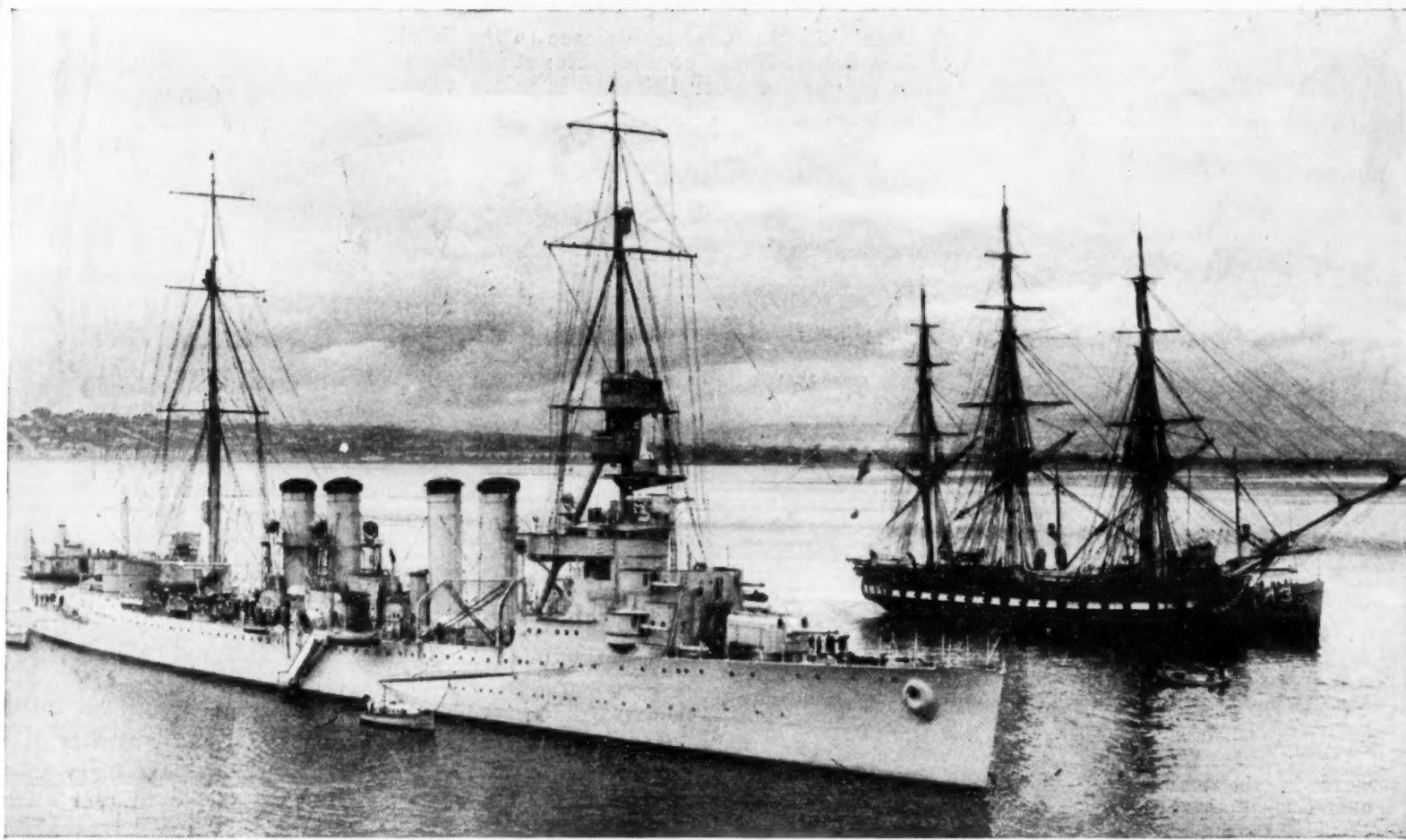
With the last member of her crew gone, the ancient vessel and former one-ship navy has broken last link with her glorious past and is left to sail the waters in solitary grandeur.

Within a year after her launching, the forty-four gun frigate saw service against the French privateers of the day. From then on she was kept busy. Early in the nineteenth century she took part in three bombardments of Tripoli in the wars with the Barbary pirates, serving as a flagship. During the War of 1812 she fought spectacular engagements against the British off the Jersey Coast and off Brazil, the West Indies and Gibraltar. One of these was the battle with the British Guerriere, which she captured. It was in this period that she won her greatest and most enduring fame, which was to result in her immortalization.

For the following years she saw more or less routine duties. Then, in 1830, she was declared unseaworthy, and at this point the story really begins. For the report of unseaworthiness meant only one thing: that she would have to be dismantled. And to hundreds of thousands of people, Old Ironsides had come to symbolize American emancipation from British dominance. Was she, then, to be destroyed?



International
All dressed up and showing off on a Navy Day soon after she was refitted.



Wide World

Without the work done in the past by the old ship, there might not be the death-dealing battle vessels of today, and pictured side by side with her modern sister Old Ironsides has more romance.

Newspaper readers were surprised to find, one day, an impassioned poem in the columns of their paper, with moving lines that hit home:

*Aye, tear her tattered ensign down,
Long has she waved on high...*

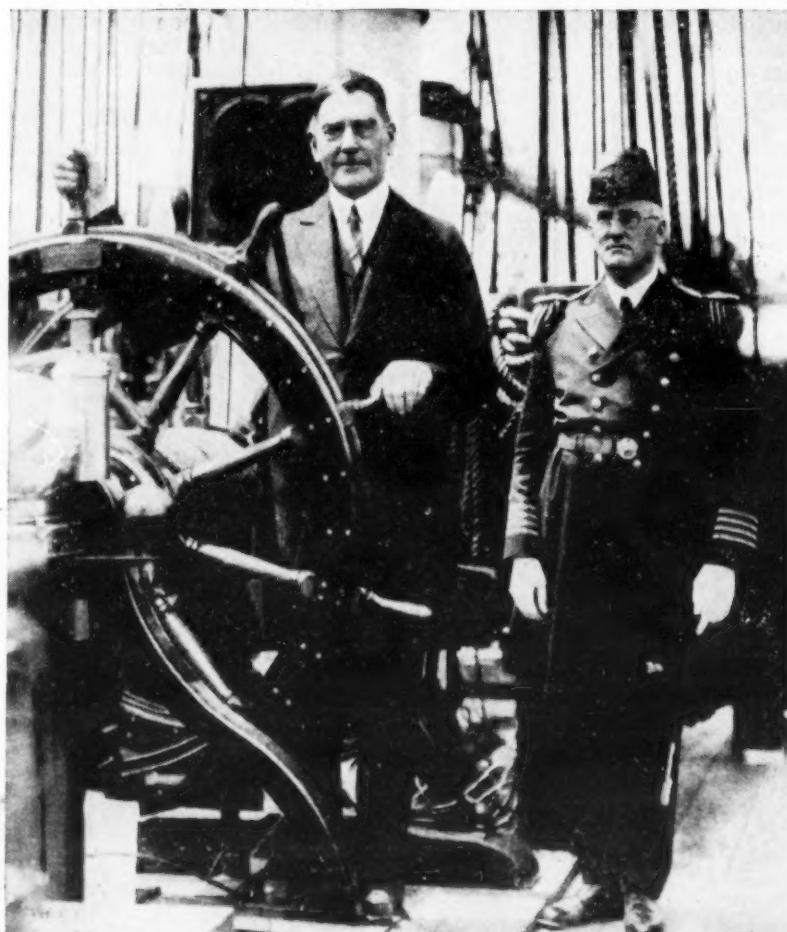
It was Oliver Wendell Holmes's angry poetic protest against the condemnation of Old Ironsides. From it rose a mighty wave of sentiment demanding that the ship be preserved. She was too vivid a symbol of America's fight for liberty to be discarded.

As a result, in 1833 she was rebuilt, and American citizens happily visited her and then began to forget about her.

Transformed into a training ship in 1855, she was laid up at Portsmouth, N. H., for the benefit of future admirals. It was after a trip she made across the Atlantic twenty years later that William Plumb was assigned to serve aboard her during her last stay in the Port of New York, in 1880.

He served on Old Ironsides for two years before the ship was stored at the Boston Naval Yard, and in later years he was to delight school children with reminiscences of his experiences during that time. He always made it clear that it was no adventure but hard work.

"Well," he would tell them, "in 1880 the Constitution's crew tumbled out of their hammocks at 6 o'clock in the morning for coffee. No milk and little sugar. We never ate butter, either."



Wide World

After children's pennies saved the vessel, former Navy Secretary Wilbur and Captain Abele took charge of her.

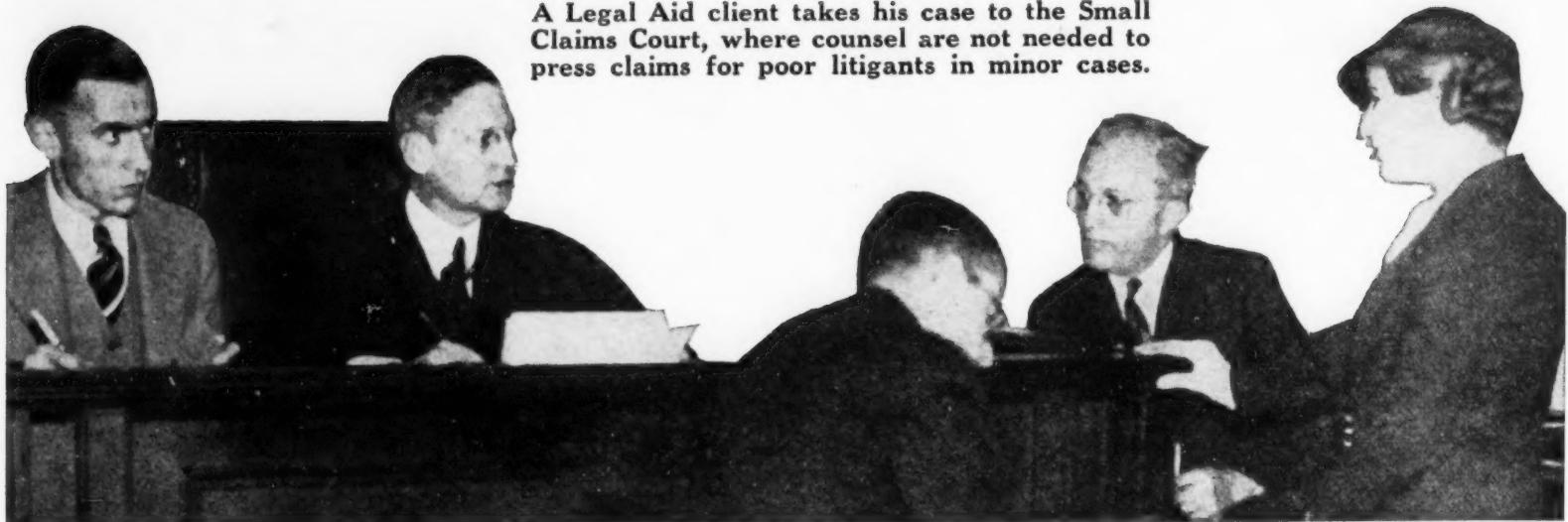
"Stripped to the waist, we washed in pails of cold salt water, and after the coffee we had to 'holy-stone' the decks. That is, we scattered sand and scoured in pairs, one pair of men to each end of a rope tied to a stone which we yanked back and forth over the decks.

"With that done, breakfast was had aboard a clean ship, and then followed an all-morning drill, training the sailors to repel boarders in hand-to-hand encounter. Generally it was cutlass drill.

"In the evening we played dominoes and cards. Sometimes we gambled a little, but not for much. Our pay in those days was about \$9.50 a month. Times have changed, but the old Constitution is still riding the waves. She looks the same as she did the day I last saw her in the Eighties. But other things have changed, changed a whole lot."

But these days came to an end for Plumb, and he and the famous full-rigger went separate ways. Leaving the navy, he took to the land, while Old Ironsides continued her career as a fighting ship no longer in combat. As other members of her crew passed away, he went into business and became a civic leader. But when in 1925 it was necessary to appeal to the public to save the old vessel again, he played a large part in the collection of funds. It was his last connection with the ship, and hers with him. Today she still sails proudly, but alone.

A Legal Aid client takes his case to the Small Claims Court, where counsel are not needed to press claims for poor litigants in minor cases.



Price Picture News

The Poor Man Wants Advice

ASPECTS in the many-angled quarrel about Legal Aid, The Good Will Court, the Bar, and the many municipal courts, were brought out on December 2 at a testimonial dinner to Allan K. Wardwell, retiring president of the Legal Aid Society. Some of the difficulties are as follows: The Good Will Court of the Air gives only advice. The Legal Aid Society is restricted in scope; it fears to infringe on or compete with the field of the Bar, and can give help to criminal defendants only in the Court of General Sessions, and cannot handle civil cases in courts of record (that is, in courts above the Municipal courts). The Bar has been on the whole unwilling to take charity cases—something to do with professional standing, no doubt. And to top it all off, many members of the bar fear and resent the socialization of legal practise and the subsequent infringement on the monopoly of the bar that will

certainly come about if the gaps between these sources of legal assistance are not closed up so that the little poor man cannot slip through and fall.

Equality before the law is in danger of becoming the dinosaur of modern society—too little brain-work has been put to the problem of keeping it up. Lawsuit in industrial society has become increasingly complicated, long-drawn-out, expensive. Rich men can pay the best lawyers: poor men can pay none.

In 1876, The Legal Aid Society was founded by a philanthropic German named Arthur Van Briesen. At present, it handles about 28,000 cases a year, 90% of which are settled out of court. The other cases go to courts where the Society can provide counsel. The fee is fifty cents when the client can pay it. In half the cases no fee is paid. Cases involve divorce, separation, alimony, wage claims, difficulties over the

Complexities of the quarrel that rages between various sources of legal aid tend to leave the money-less little man in the cold

workman's compensation, landlord-and-tenant quarrels, and many small unclassifiable difficulties. Legal service would take in fees more than the amount involved in the case.

The Society is nobody's pet charity, as are the C.O.S., the S.P.C.C., and others. A small amount of the expense is covered by endowment. The rest is raised by subscription. It faces its greatest difficulties in its relations with the Bar, although its lawyers are taken from a list submitted by the Bar Association.

The Good Will Court was started a little over a year ago by A. L. Alexander, veteran radio announcer. After attracting little public attention for eight months, it was sponsored by Bernarr Macfadden, a "human interest" man from way back. Chase and Sanborn are now sponsoring it, and it is immensely popular.

From the point of view of real legal advice, the disadvantages

are all with the Good Will Clients. Only one side of the case is heard over the air. The judge has a very limited time to weigh his advice. Irresponsible "clients" can distort their story so the resultant advice is useless when the case comes to court. People listening in from other states can interpret the advice as applying to their own problems, when the state laws may differ. And a number of "cranks"—people with imaginary grievances who desire not advice but publicity—get on to the program. Backwash from the Good Will Court reaches the Small Claims court and the Legal Aid society with "claims" that dissolve into thinnest air under serious attention, and waste everybody's time.

A nice balance is maintained on the "Court" program between seriousness and public interest. Many petty rackets are exposed, many small laws are explained, much good advice is given.



Milton H. Cash

A scene at the Good Will Court broadcast. A. L. Alexander speaks.



International

The Society gets night court clients only after they are held for General Sessions trial.



International

Harrison Tweed, new president of Legal Aid Society.

Defense for the Fields of China

The West, preoccupied with an English King and a Spanish War, pays little attention to the birth in Suiyuan of what may prove another World War

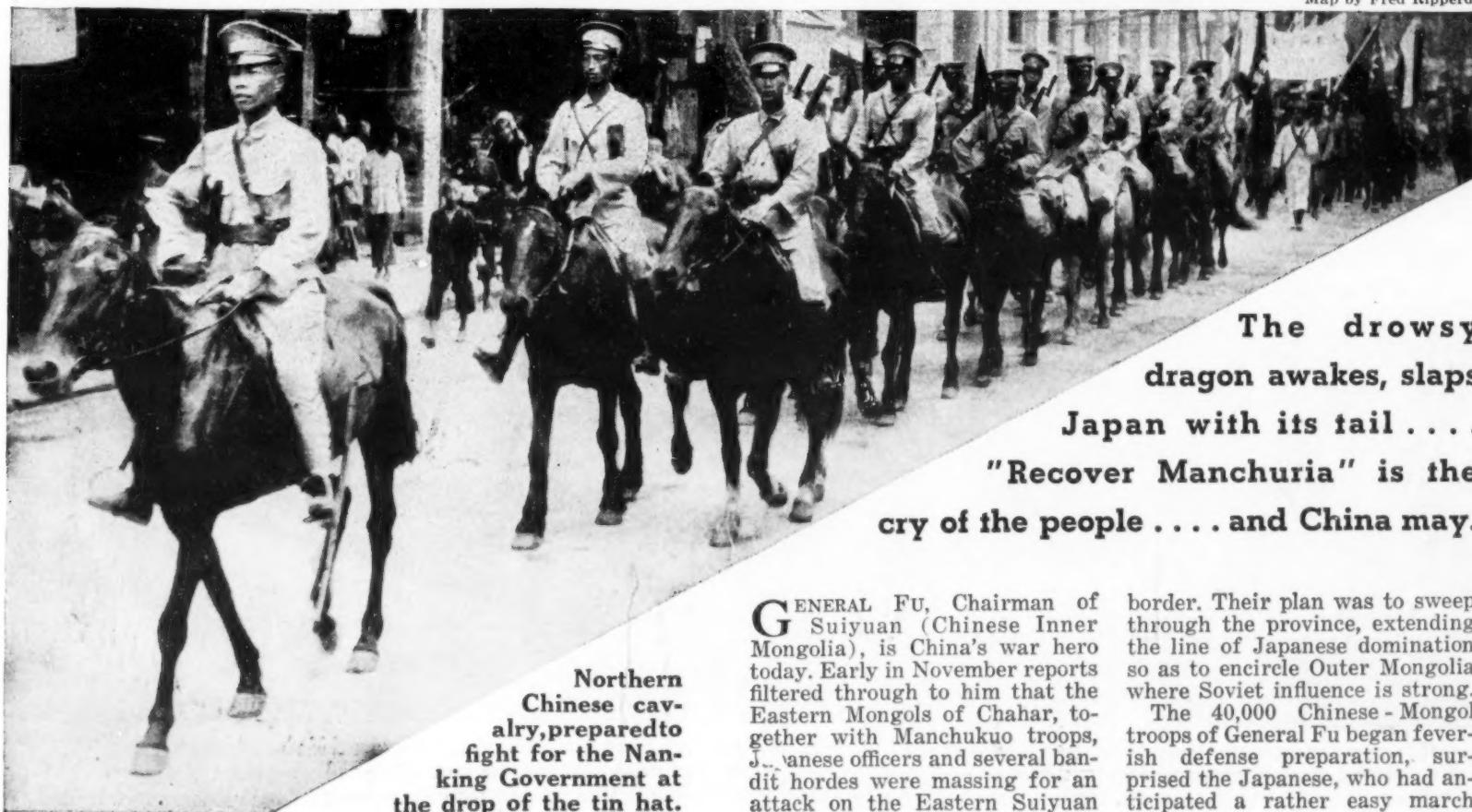


Pictures, Inc.

General Fu Tso-Yi, China's man of the hour. He surprised Japanese by organizing a stiff defense along Suiyuan border. His capture of Peilingmiao marks China's first aggressive resistance to Japan since the Shanghai "War" of 1932.



Map by Fred Ripperda



Northern Chinese cavalry, prepared to fight for the Nanking Government at the drop of the tin hat.

The drowsy dragon awakes, slaps Japan with its tail.... "Recover Manchuria" is the cry of the people.... and China may.

GENERAL FU, Chairman of Suiyuan (Chinese Inner Mongolia), is China's war hero today. Early in November reports filtered through to him that the Eastern Mongols of Chahar, together with Manchukuo troops, Japanese officers and several bandit hordes were massing for an attack on the Eastern Suiyuan

border. Their plan was to sweep through the province, extending the line of Japanese domination so as to encircle Outer Mongolia where Soviet influence is strong.

The 40,000 Chinese - Mongol troops of General Fu began feverish defense preparation, surprised the Japanese, who had anticipated a rather easy march



Universal Newsreel-Soibelman

Planes General Chiang Kai-shek received from the public on his birthday, evidence of the people's enthusiastic support.



International
War Minister Demid, Commander-in-chief of the Outer Mongolian Forces, is prepared for eventualities.



Typical Mongolian peasant family, father and mother and children, all opium addicts. Pictures were taken at thirty degrees below zero, when natives pad themselves in cotton rolls against the bitter cold. Severe winters make earning a living as herdsmen and farmers difficult.



Douglas Hugh

through. Results to date have jolted Japan's imperial pride.

Several preliminary skirmishes, followed by a series of ineffective bombing raids on Mongolian villages, roused the Suiyuan people, long faithful to Nanking, to such a pitch of patriotic frenzy that on November 25th, General Fu's troops not only decisively defeated the invaders (casualties 1,500) but he captured Peilingmiao, where in the offices of the Japanese military mission, Chinese officers discovered plans written in Japanese for the conquering of Inner Mongolia.

Having put the enemy to flight, the Chinese-Mongol troops of Suiyuan started shouting, "On to Chahar." The students in Peiping encouraged them with cries of "Recover China's Northeastern Provinces (Manchuria)." However, neither China nor Japan wants war now.

Hostilities are now at a standstill due to the bitter cold snap and a fall of three feet of snow. The invaders are taking advantage of the lull to concentrate their forces at Shangtu, the ancient Mongol capital of Xanadu, where they will receive more

trucks, tanks and planes from Manchukuo. General Fu has called the warnings from Japanese officers against his further advances a "bluff." When the weather permits he intends to drive the enemy out of the province entirely and may attempt to take a slice of Chahar for defensive purposes. His headquarters are at Kweihua, the important capital city on the Peiping-Suiyuan Railroad.

The Inner Mongolians have always been a group of loosely connected tribes ruled by jealous princes. On the surface the present conflict is one between the Japanese-dominated Mongols of Chahar, nominally under Prince Teh Wang, Chairman of the Silingol League, and the Western Mongols of Chinese Inner Mongolia, now under Prince Sha of the Suiyuan Mongolian Council, loyal to China.

Thus Japan and China are in reality carrying on a minor war through the hostilities of these two groups. Should the Chinese forces press on into Chahar they will run directly into the Kwangtung (Japanese) Army.

The Japanese press maintains



Universal Newsreel-Soibelman

The mass of China. New ideas of nationalism in their heads. Their awakening may be the most tumultuous of our time.

that General Chiang Kai-shek has a complete understanding with Russia, goes so far as to list the items of the secret Sino-Soviet Military Agreement of last March which are said to include:

1. The Chinese Northwestern Provinces will be granted the Chinese Red Army as a base.

2. For the sake of China's territorial integrity, the Chinese Red Army will not organize any autonomous regime.

The Chinese Red Army will amalgamate with the Central Government forces for joint resistance to Japan under the leadership of General Chiang Kai-shek.

4. China and Soviet Russia will make efforts to adjust Sino-Soviet relations satisfactorily.

5. Soviet Russia and China will form a joint anti-Japanese front and will declare war against Japan jointly during December of this year.

Says Edgar Snow, American correspondent in China, recently returned to Peiping from a three-month tour of the Chinese-Communist occupied areas of Kansu and Shensi, "What is most noteworthy is the fact that their (Chi-

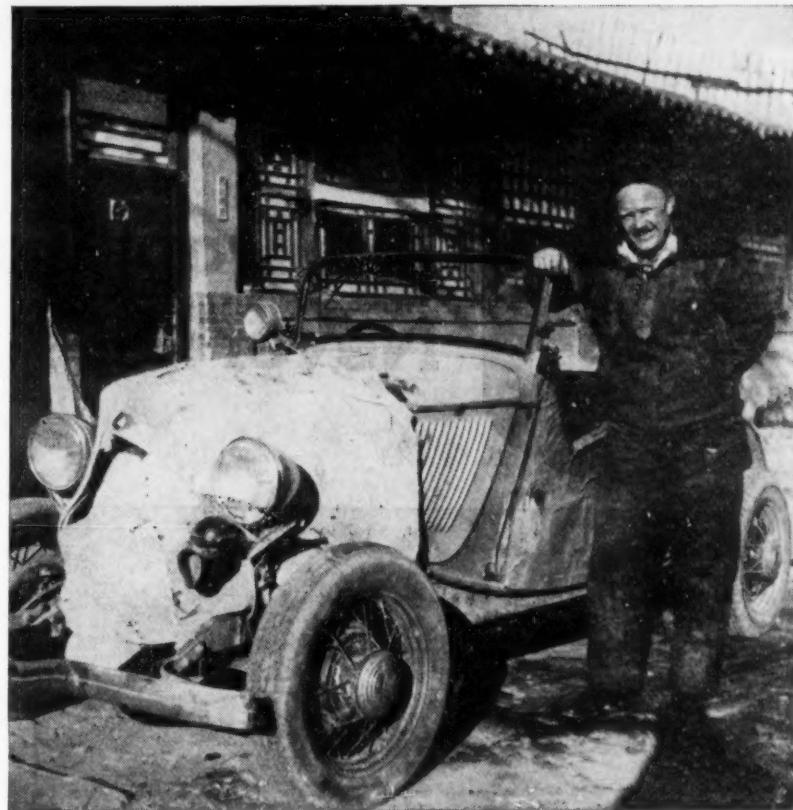
nese Communists) political objective lies not in the overthrow of the Nanking Government, but in opposing Japan."

As in Spain, the local Suiyuan conflict is not so much between the peoples of that area, as between outside powers.

Once General Chiang Kai-shek patiently waited for a Japanese-Russian war, hoping that the result would be the shoving of Japan off the mainland, but now he will probably play a more aggressive game, for the Japanese-Nazi pact forced powerful Russia and the Chinese communists to become his allies.

Should Germany attack Russia in the West, or Japan attack Russia in the East, China may enter the fray with the understanding that Manchuria be returned to her with the defeat of Japan.

With China at war, England might have no alternative but to protect her interests in China as well as to keep her obligations with France, which, in all probability, would be at war with Germany on the side of Russia. Thus Inner Mongolia, to date unknown by the outside world, may be the tinder box of another world war.

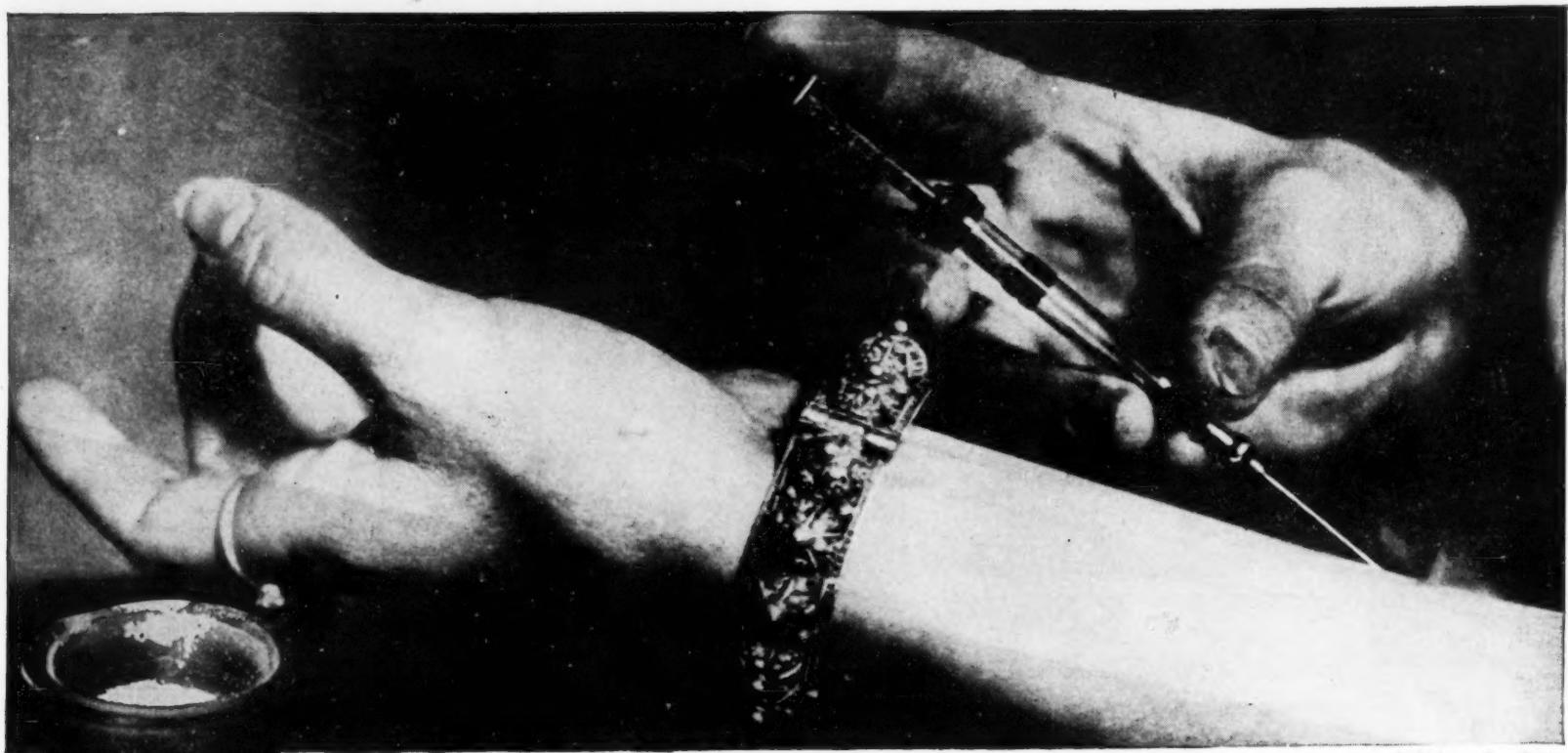


Douglas Hugh

The Ford agent for Inner Mongolia, George Suderbaum. Automobiles bring Mongolia and China closer together.



In Moscow: (left to right) M. Darizap, Representative of the Mongolian Peoples Republic; V. I. Molotov, Chairman of Peoples Commissars; M. Amor, Prime Minister of the Mongolian Republic; and B. S. Stomnyokov, Assistant Commissar of Foreign Affairs. Japan claims Russia this month will attack Japan through Mongolia.



Soibelman Syndicate

The deadly process begins as the needle pierces the arm to give a powerful injection of habit-forming and poisonous dope to a victim.



The Dope Evil Never Dies

Despite official vigilance, poison racketeers continue to peddle their illegal narcotics and reap rich profits at the expense of broken bodies and nerves.

AMERICA'S biggest illicit business, the dope traffic, continues today despite government efforts to check the smugglers who conduct a business worth millions of dollars at the expense of the broken bodies of thousands of victims. But the war also continues.

Smugglers, with scores of tricks used to evade customs officials, and peddlers and addicts in every part of the nation spread

the racket to more and more victims daily.

Once the dope habit is formed, tragedy is certain unless curative measures are forced upon the victim. Insanity and physical ruin are the natural and inevitable results of the practice if it goes on unchecked for any length of time.

As profits from the deadly trade depend upon the number of addicts, one of the most important businesses of the racketeers is



International

Baltimore police carry off a dope victim injured when she leaped through a window during a raid.



Wide World

The world-wide narcotics traffic and habit have landed these Orientals in a Manchurian opium asylum.



International

The terror of dope is illustrated by the case of this victim, in the throes of agony.

the spreading of the habit. It is done in various ways. A patient requiring treatment with medicinal narcotics, in a hospital or under a doctor's care, may find that he is growing dependent on the drugs. In some cases well-placed bribes among hospital underlings may bring such dependence. Unless the patient takes immediate steps against the growing habit, he will recover from his sickness only to live the horrible life of an addict. Dope peddlers are adept at snaring unsuspecting victims in such ways as this and by misrepresentation of the drug they handle. Consumers of some patent medicines may find, when they cannot stop using the medicine, that they have formed the habit as a result of dope contained in the quack cure. The peddler's main concern is to get the habit formed with a victim; for after that, he is sure of a demand for his bootleg material.

The horrors of the habit far exceed even those of the more familiar acute alcoholism. It takes only a short time for complete degeneracy to set in. After a variable period of time the habit becomes uncontrollable. The addict develops a craving for the drug at all costs, and greater and greater doses are necessary as his system grows used to the poison. When he is deprived of it, severe nervous disorders set in.

To protect potential victims from such a fate, the Federal Government uses every means at its control. Constant work requiring thorough training and the utmost of patience is carried on. As a result, officers seized from only three ships unloading in New York recently, narcotics worth \$10,000,000—enough to kill six million people, but instead, thanks to the government, it went harmlessly up into smoke, to the dismay of the racketeers.



Soibelman Syndicate

Heroin and the shoe in which it was hidden.



Soibelman Syndicate

Narcotics hidden from police, inside barrel.



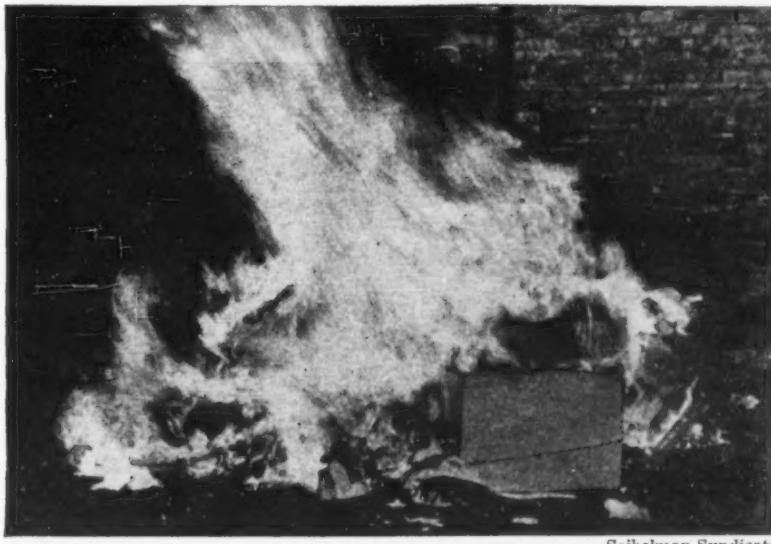
International

Strapped to her Chicago hospital cot, she presents a vivid warning against the habit.



Soibelman Syndicate

Some of the assorted pipes, needles, and other implements seized in raids by Chicago police.



Soibelman Syndicate

Police send up into smoke \$250,000 worth of assorted narcotics collected in Chicago in five-months' period.



Atlas



Jack Gordon

In Winter, as in Summer, the work of forestry continues, and logging has the advantage of keeping a man warm.



Atlas

Members of the Corps get some pointers on forging, from the camp smithy at Barnum pond high in Adirondacks.

The CCC camp in the Adirondacks looks bleak and frigid at 15 degrees below zero, but the boys keep warm within the cozy structures with roaring wood fires.

Zero Weather Can't Chill CCC

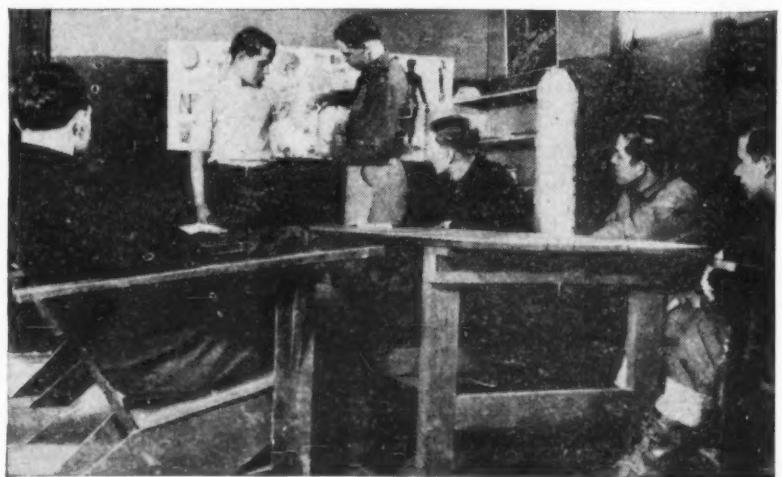
Winter activities speed up as corps settles down to routine of camp life and continues sawing wood and building roads.

B EYOND the highways of America 350,000 boys are spending the winter working in CCC camps. Forestry, soil erosion, road building, bridge building, construction of watch-towers for U. S. Forestry Service, blasting of mountains, regardless of storm, wind or cold.

If the temperature is under 10 degrees below zero, the boys are brought inside to work in the carpentry shop or for some necessary indoor repairs to the camp buildings. In the untamed forests of America are 2,000 of these camps and in each of them about 160 boys are at work on a definite federal project. And all the boys are studying.



Each camp has its orchestra for winter evenings.



Atlas

The boys pay strict attention to the art of bandaging an arm, as part of their schooling in physical education.



Wentworth Springer . . . at 17 he robbed and killed a man.



James Sullivan . . . at 17 he beat storekeeper to death.



Salvatore Scatta . . . at 19 he helped kill subway collector.



Lawrence Jackson . . . at 18 robbed first, killed afterward.



Robert Taliaferro . . . at 19 became gang member then murderer.



Charles Waterbury . . . at 20 shot and killed a banker.



Charles Ham . . . at 20 became thief and murderer.



Henry Stevens . . . at 18 helped Waterbury in murder.



This is society's judgment seat—the Death Chair at Sing Sing.



Fred Fowler . . . at 19 was led into robbery-murder.

Does Real Genius Burn Itself Out?

Prodigies burst across the musical and educational skies leaving trails of achievement that make the average intelligent man look dull — but what becomes of them?

PHILOSOPHY has an explanation for everything. Psychology is fast working towards having a measure for everything. Yet in one particular, both fall down. Neither has a sufficient explanation or measure for the elusive thing known as "genius."

Medicine adds to the mass of "knowledge," all of it seemingly beside the point, with talk of genes and chromosomes. Psychology talks of the Intelligence Quotient, the Personality Inventory. Philosophy puts a question in the form of a statement. For ingenious evasion of the point, the philosophers' explanation is the most interesting.

According to Aristotle, every human being is born carrying with him the total sum of human knowledge, talents, and abilities. What he makes of himself depends on how low he can put his own barriers. If the barriers are high, little of the great pool of resources he has can seep through

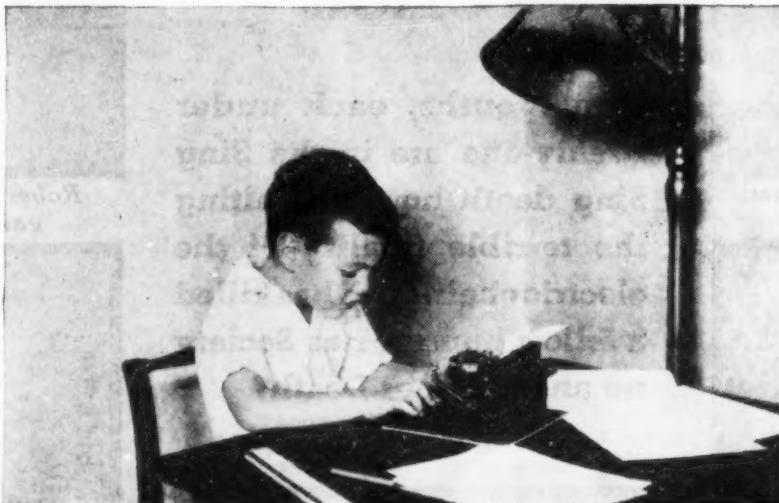
into his consciousness. If his barriers are low, he is what we call a "genius," through no effort of his own. His understanding of what he finds flowing over the dam depends on his application, studiousness, adjustment (a modern term).

In any case, history is sprinkled with the low-barrier boys. In United States annals, two of the most famous and eccentric men ever to influence the course of history and thought graduated from college at the age of seven-



Unpredictable. Murai Kotaro, Los Angeles schoolboy, son of a Japanese chemist, now in his third year of high school at age of ten. His memory is amazingly accurate.

Acme



Precocious. William Donald McNeill, only three years old, son of a Canadian civil engineer, talks, reads, writes, spells, and is now learning shorthand and typing.

Acme



De Bellis

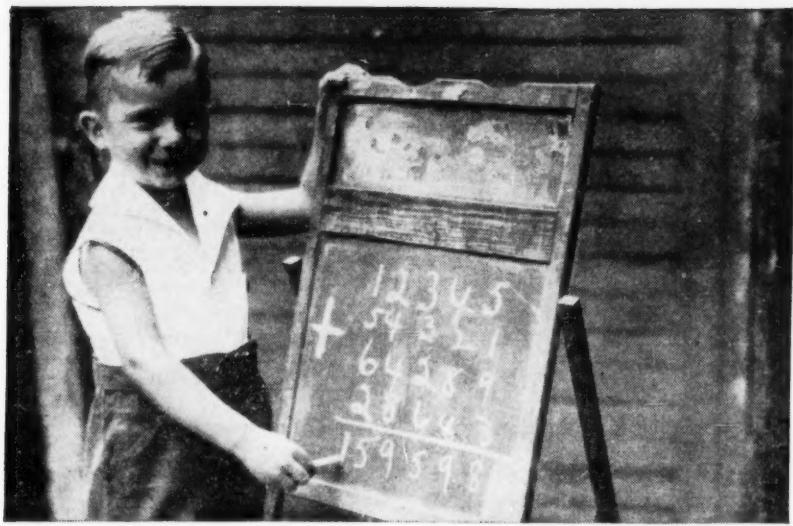
And now? Ruth Slenczynski, who at the age of eleven has seven amazing years of concert pianistics behind her chubby back. Otherwise she is a normal little girl.



Acme

Assured. Yehudi Menuhin, violin prodigy at nine, genius at 21. He has lived up to himself, adding maturity to his startling early performance, losing nothing of his art.

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly



Acme

Heat lightning? Louis Miller, age 5, rated high as a lightning calculator. His mother, who can neither read nor write, has had him tested by Philadelphia psychologists who at once put him in the "genius" classification.



Acme

Joanna Zenos, daughter of Greek and Polish parents who can neither read nor write English, completed eight grades in one year, at the age of seven, apparently without "crowding" a brain equipped to absorb it easily.

gists. Out of the crabbed pages filled with the inner thoughts of "genius" emerges the distorted spirit of religious fanaticism. With one accord psychologists have pronounced him unbalanced, yet none can say how he came to be so brilliant, why he could not live up to himself.

Types of genius include musical, intellectual, and a kind that may be described as intuitive or inventive. Thomas Edison was one of the latter. Musicianship, reproducing with individual interpretation the notes of the great composers, is usually less a matter of genius than of practise. It is when a child can by some divine grace and ease leap over the slow process of practice, defying all known time-limits for learning what has to be known, that he is called a musical "genius": as when Yehudi Menuhin showed complete mastery of the violin and its music at the age of nine, Ruth Slenczynski at four gave a concert on the piano including pieces by Bach, Beethoven and Scarlatti. Ruth is now eleven, with seven years of concert success behind her, but she is still chronologically a child and has not had to face the almost impossible success of living up to her early promise. Yehudi is twenty-one, and because he is quiet, has never been over-educated (as is the fate of many of the nation's over-intelligent), and has worked constantly at his violin, he has lived beyond his prodigious childhood with not indifferent success. You don't hear of him as often as you used to when he wore knee-britches, but he has met the Test.

Another remarkable example of genius, intellectual this time, is Edward Rochie Hardy, jr. Now he is teaching Greek at the General Theological Seminary. He is an expert philologist, versed in lore of the sixth and seventh centuries, author of a badly-selling book on early Egypt, proud pos-

sessor of a B.A., an M.M., a Ph.D., and two S.T.M.'s (Master of Sacred Theology). He is twenty-eight years old. He is quiet, humorless, unscintillating, and very likeable.

His mother, Sara Brown Belcher Hardy, was a remarkable woman. No Victorian clinging vine, Mrs. Hardy. In 1883, she got a B.A., whereupon she went to Russia and studied medicine, getting an M.D. in 1887. She then did research in Berlin, Leipzig, Paris and Munich, for an M.A. After that she took up the study of law, and in 1901 got an LL.D. Feeling that she should have a child of her blood and presumably of her brain, she married Mr. Hardy in 1901. Edward jr. was born in 1908. "I picked his father very carefully," she said. And look. When little Edward was ten years old, he passed his entrance examinations for Harvard. At twelve he entered Columbia, at fourteen he received the Phi Beta Kappa award, and graduated a few days after his fifteenth birthday.

Always his mother kept after him. At four she was instructing him in the involutions of astronomy, while other little boys, too young to play with sleds, were howling in the snow.

After her death in 1930, Edward went on alone. At 28, he is the youngest man ever to be ordained an Episcopalian priest. His sympathies are liberal. He got into a mess with the U. S. Postal authorities a few years ago, because he put red, white and blue stickers on his letters, bearing the caption: "League Against Yellow Journalism. I do not read Hearst!" Neither side of the argument gave any evidence of sense of humor. What lies ahead of him? It is safe to say that he has thoroughly escaped entanglement with the surging, puzzling life of the average man. What can the world expect from him?



Acme

Theologian and scholar, Edward Rochie Hardy jr. was once the greatest prodigy Columbia University had ever seen. He now teaches Greek.



Acme

At 20 months, little Otto Tilden had a 500-word vocabulary in both English and Norwegian, and could form sentences grammatically perfect.



Acme

Leon Salanove, 15 years old, made an astronomical discovery that startled scientific graybeards who were at the telescope when Leon was a baby.

It Takes an Army of Men To Sell Three Million Cars

It also takes generalship, and here is the story of Chevrolet's Field Marshal, William E. Holler, whose organization sells a billion dollars worth in one year, largely through dynamic personality and increasing industry.

IN the annals of the automobile industry and the written records of its magic growth of a quarter century, all the historians have placed their emphasis on those automotive giants who have made the machine, and none at all on the forceful agents who have sold it to the Great American Public. Perhaps that is the reason few people realize that it takes as many men to put the finished car in the hands of the purchaser, as it does to build it and roll it off the last line.

The finest automobile in the world would remain unknown to the world, unsung and unsold—and the company itself would languish and die—if it were not for the prodigious labors of an army of advertising men, salesmen, display managers and sales-service workers who, after all, bring the dollars into the company's cash registers.

Such an army must have its generals, skilled in constant warfare against sales resistance, against adverse economic conditions, against the arts and wiles of competitors, and all the other elements that make American business a constant battle of opposing brain power.

Such a "general," who has had seventeen years of advancement through all the grades from private to general command, is William E. Holler, vice-president and general sales manager of the Chevrolet Motor Company.

Most writers, describing him, use the badly overworked word "dynamic." Hackneyed as the expression is, in this case it fits. First, he is the embodiment of the energy expressed in a dynamo; has the build, the weight, the health (six feet tall, 200 pounds, brimful of vigor) that give him driving force. There is nothing small physically or mentally about him. Nor is there anything small about the figures in which he habitually speaks and thinks.

"A billion dollars—two million cars—three million next year"—the phrases roll from his lips in sonorous accent, as though he were talking in pennies. Yet, because it is W. E. Holler who is speaking, even astronomical figures like these become real.

When Holler's friends are asked what enabled him to build a sales organization that delivered 1,000,000 new cars and, in addition, sold more than 2,000,000 used cars and trucks in one year, they say in once voice, "personal-

ity." He has, in great measure, the kind of personality that put Charles M. Schwab at the top of the heap in the steel industry—an ability to talk to men, whether in mass or individually, and make them feel that he not only understands their problems but that he is heart and soul with their interests. Nothing more inspirational comes out of the Detroit motor car world than a speech from Holler. Men lean forward while he talks, in rapt attention, and when they leave his presence they feel as though they had taken a draught of potent, rejuvenating magic medicine.

While Holler shines particularly in any mass gathering of his sales force, it is in the intimate, personal relationships with the 10,000 dealers who are the final contact with the customers, that his personality is most effective.

Throughout a campaign, such as the vigorous drive of 1936, Holler maintains the closest of relationship with these dealers and all members of his selling organization. He encourages them when the pace grows hot. He stimulates them when fatigue sets in. He advises them when they are beset by problems. And he is always willing to take on his broad shoulders any responsibility that belongs to him, plus half the responsibilities of other men.

The business of selling automobiles is not so simple as showing a potential customer a new car, expanding on its virtues, checking up on his bank account to see if he can pay for it, and then delivering it to him. The really great salesman must map his campaign long in advance, must plan his display so that he will attract the widest number of possible buyers, and

then—having corralled his purchaser—must sell another car into the bargain. A majority of cars sold must therefore be sold twice. The customer trades in the old bus on his shiny new purchase. Somehow—if possible at a profit, but if not at a price that will permit the company to come out even—the salesman must also sell the turned-in car. Accordingly, Holler's feat (or the feat of his organization) in putting 1,000,000 new cars into the hands of the public actually meant the selling of twice that number.

The annual exchange of money and automobiles in any current year is without question the largest financial operation—outside of the collection of taxes, in which any single industry participates. The automobile is the largest piece of merchandise, with the exception of the dwelling house, that is bought by the public, and to millions of people its selection and purchase is as important as the choice of a house. This is particularly true as Americans become more and more an out-door people.

Holler's first great asset is an understanding of people. He knows the people who buy cars, and the people best equipped to sell them. Leadership to him is more than the mere giving of orders to subordinates and then—if matters turn out well—taking the credit for the success. His motto, often repeated to his sales force, is: "He who would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all."

Wholly human, he is full of human paradoxes. He bids his associates to be careful and guard their health. Then he works so hard that he has to be taken to a hospital. In the midst of a hot sales campaign he gives the impression that he will brook neither delay nor the criticism of other persons. Then he evolves a patiently worked-out plan and submits it to the barbs and shafts of critics, without passion and without resentment.

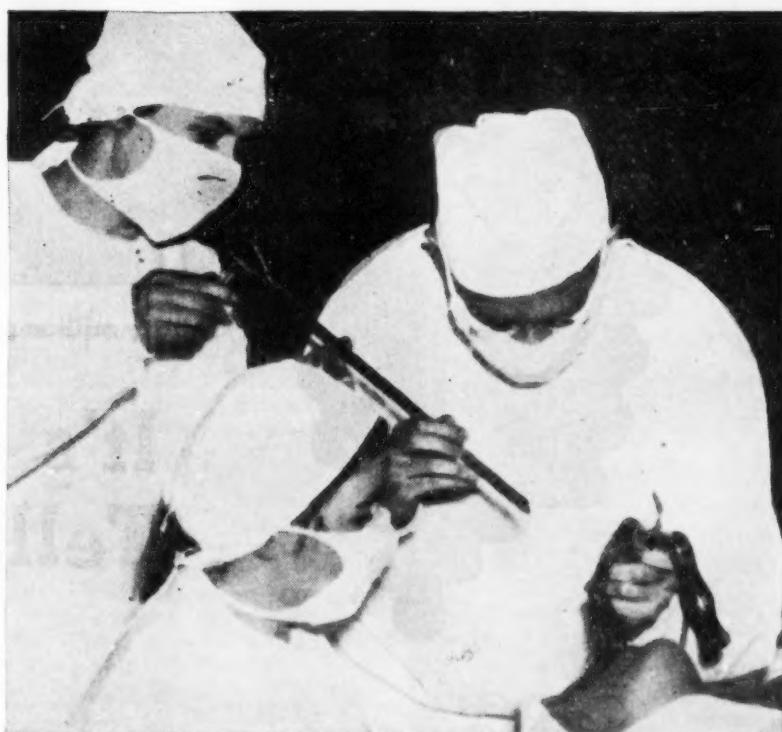
Some of his methods reflect the intense sportsmanship of the college playing field. (Wasn't Waterloo won on the cricket fields of Eton?) His All-American Selling Team Association, to membership in which every salesman aspires, is one of the evidences of stimulating "team work." For that membership is regarded by Chevrolet men as the Legion of Honor was regarded by Napoleon's Grand Army.



William E. Holler, at the left, discusses the selling of three million cars with M. E. Coyle, president of the Chevrolet Motor Company, as an American pace-maker



This ten-year-old Polish girl's heart beats directly under her skin—a phenomenon that is unique in surgical annals, yet she seems to suffer no pain.



The smiling boy's skull (above) was crushed, but surgical skill fixed him up.

A "bronchoscopist" (below) examines interior lung passages with a light.

People are Put Together Again

MEDICINE during the last few years has provided a steady flow of new discoveries in the art of prevention and healing, but for dramatic pioneering surgery takes the honors. Not only has the apparatus of the profession been modernized by the utilization of electricity and photography, but techniques have been developed which literally open up new fields for the scalpel.

That is not quite accurate, for the scalpel is rapidly being supplanted by the electric knife. This ingenious device employs a heavy charge of electricity bloodlessly to divide tissues, and eliminates much of the shock of ordinary knife incisions.

Other unusual instruments now coming into general use include the bronchoscope and the cystoscope. Both are slender tubes used

Modern surgery, through new instruments and greater knowledge, performs miracles of human engineering in strange operations.

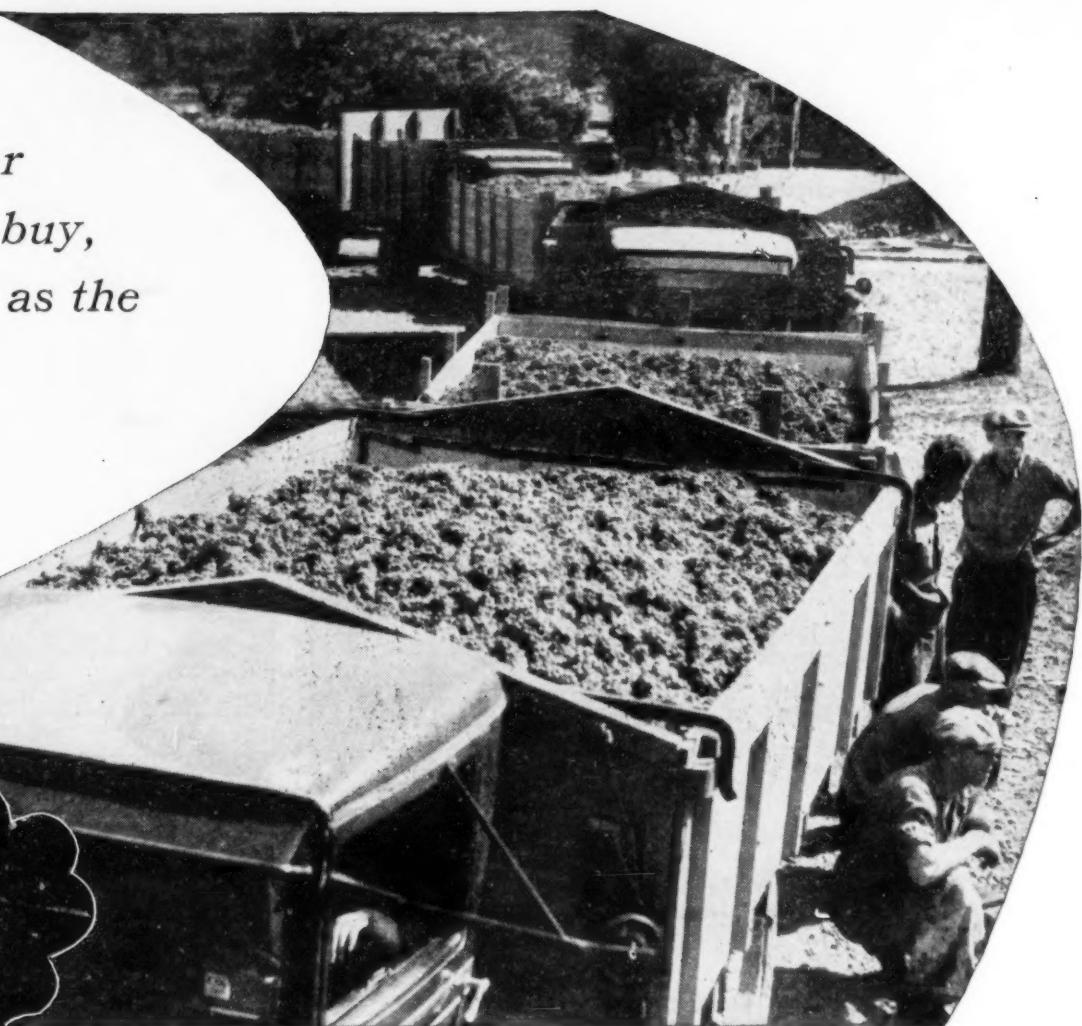
for penetrating inaccessible parts of the body. The bronchoscope, which looks a good deal like a fishing pole, is equipped with a tiny electric light, and permits the surgeon to view the interior of the windpipe, as well as to remove foreign bodies from it, while the cystoscope permits inspection of the interior of the bladder. It is even possible to attach a superminiature camera to the cysto-

scope and take photographs in the bladder.

With instruments like these, surgeons are working miracles in operations on the heart, lungs, brain, and glands—organs and parts which formerly were beyond their reach. In tuberculosis and lobar pneumonia, for example, the new surgery is able to bring relief to cases which medicine was once unable to reach.

*"I sometimes wonder
what the vintners' buy,
one half so precious as the
stuff they sell"*

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayam



International

Sixty million gallons of grape juice pour into California's vats.

It's Not the Label That Tells the Story of Wine

Americans are discovering that native product is far better than average juice of grape produced abroad, domestic consumption increases.

IF YOU are one of those Americans who thinks that just because a wine bottle bears the label "Rheims" or "Bordeaux" or "Jerez" it contains the only fruit of the grape worthy of your palate, you are living in grievous error.

By contrast, if you believe that just because a wine is labeled "domestic" you should neither drink it yourself nor present it to your guests, again you are sadly mistaken.

The fact is, American vineyards, recovering from the long sickness of prohibition years, are now producing wine, of their individual type, which is not only far better than the "vin ordinaire" of the European continent, but even better than many brands with ancient names for which Americans pay high prices.

After all, American vineyards

are not a few grape vines that sprang into life after the prohibition chapter closed. They have a long and honorable history. The California industry, for instance, began as long ago as 1769, when the Franciscan Fathers planted the first vines brought from Spain. More modern, but still with more than eighty years of growth behind them, are the vineyards of Ohio, where Nicholas Longworth, grandfather of the late speaker of the House of Representatives, produced his first champagne.

A smaller percentage of American champagne comes from California than from the celebrated "finger lakes" region of New York, but Californians assert that their grapes—low in saccharine and high in acid—are capable of producing the sparkling



Wide World

Down, down, down, below Brooklyn Bridge is this cool wine cellar, harboring millions of bottles and barrels.

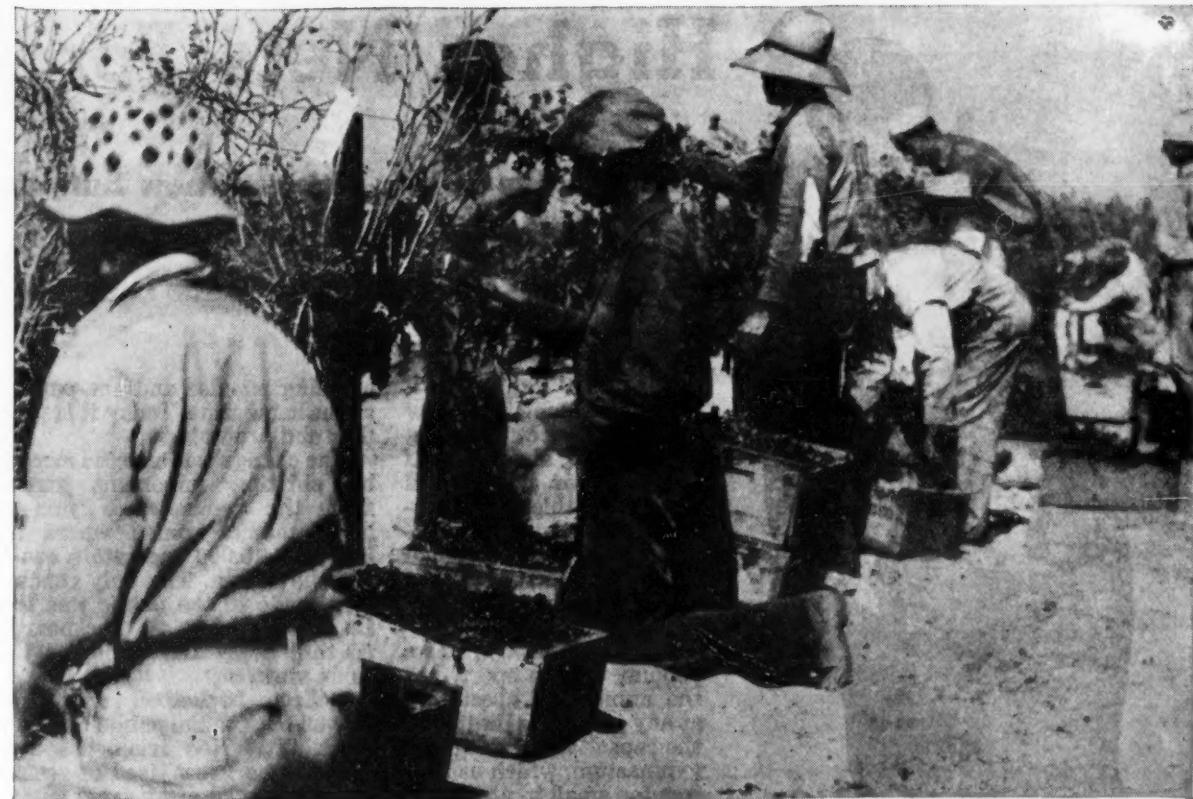
wine with equal delicacy and bouquet.

The wine industry has had a hard struggle for life since repeal. Prohibition brought new drinking habits to the American people. With their wine supply shut off because of the long process involved in making it, they became habituated to the jolting effects of green, hard, and sometimes synthetic liquor, which left them without a taste for the milder beverage.

The industry, however, is apparently winning its fight for recognition. In 1915, we drank 60,000,000 gallons, of which approximately 90 percent was of the domestic variety. In 1934, when the wineries were becoming re-established, we drank only 21,000,000 gallons. But last year this consumption was doubled, and the proportion of domestic grape to foreign product was greatly increased.

California wines, in particular, are returning to favor. Some of the better producers never ceased making wines (under permits for sacramental purposes) and these fortunate leaders in the industry are so deluged with orders that they can sell every bottle they produce.

Meanwhile, the government is assisting the trend towards better quality and greater consumption of the domestic juice as compared with the foreign wine. Federal taxes on the beverage have been reduced by fifty percent, and



International

Much manual labor is essential in gathering grapes for the vintner. The fruit must be ripe, and for fancy wines, imperfect bunches must be discarded.

much of the red-tape hampering distribution has been discarded. New rules for labeling the product will also help the consumer to

know he is getting a pure product, made under conditions approved by the best wine-making experts.

Vineyard cultivation is a year-round occupation and, in proportion to the acreage, it employs more labor than nearly all other agricultural undertakings. The grapes ripen in late Summer and the Autumn. They are cut from the vines with great care for only the ripe fruit is used. For the more fancy wines, bunches and even individual berries are removed before crushing.

Fermentation takes place in gigantic vats. Grapes carry their own wild yeasts, but some wine-makers use their own special yeasts. The fermentation, aging and bottling processes are long and complicated, but they are conducted under the supervision of specialists—scientists who have devoted years of study to the chemical changes undergone between the vine and the consumers' glass.

Finally, Americans are learning to know wines. They now buy by reputation—reputable brands from reputable dealers. They know the difference between "dry" and "sweet"—and they know that "dry" doesn't mean sour. And they know just what types of wine meet their particular desire at any particular time, which is the essence of becoming a connoisseur.

They are aided in this pursuit by all the experts the vintners can command, men whose purpose it is to raise the standard of American wines until they shall be excelled by no others in the world. Their work is aided, as well, by agricultural scientists, who study soils, plant chemistry, and the activities of fermenta-

tion, with a constant view to improving the vineyard and its sparkling product.



Wide World

Looks like devastated region, but it is only a group of grape vines in December, storing up the essentials of good fruit for next year, when they will flourish anew.



Wide World

Champagne, bottled, must be stored for years, in underground racks like these.

Higher Nets For Basketball

The game is public property now but can't compete with football yet as nobody has charged overemphasis. But it's attracting more crowds and attention since it moved into public arenas.

COLLEGE basketball, which along with crew and other non-paying sports had always been something of a step-child of college athletic associations, is emerging as a big-time sport with the usual results: capacity crowds and increased gate receipts.

Basketball always was a popular college sport, but the number of spectators at any game was limited to the capacity of the college gymnasium, which usually was too small to accommodate even those students who wanted to see their team play. Students come first in the allotment of tickets, and are charged only a fraction of the regular admission price.

The general public and the alumni couldn't pay their way into the games when they wanted to; there just wasn't room for them.

Consequently, basketball was in the strange position

of being popular and non-paying at the same time. Today it is popular and profitable.

The change was effected merely by shifting important games from the overcrowded gyms to large public arenas where as many as 15,000 spectators could see the action. The only concession made to the public was the installation of glass backboards so that every fan could have a clear view.

College basketball was first "given back to the public" in New York City. Ned Irish, a sports writer who grew tired of seeing crowds turned away from games for want of more seats, arranged for college teams to play in Madison Square Garden. Last year, 160,000 persons attended ten double headers there, six of them being sell-outs.

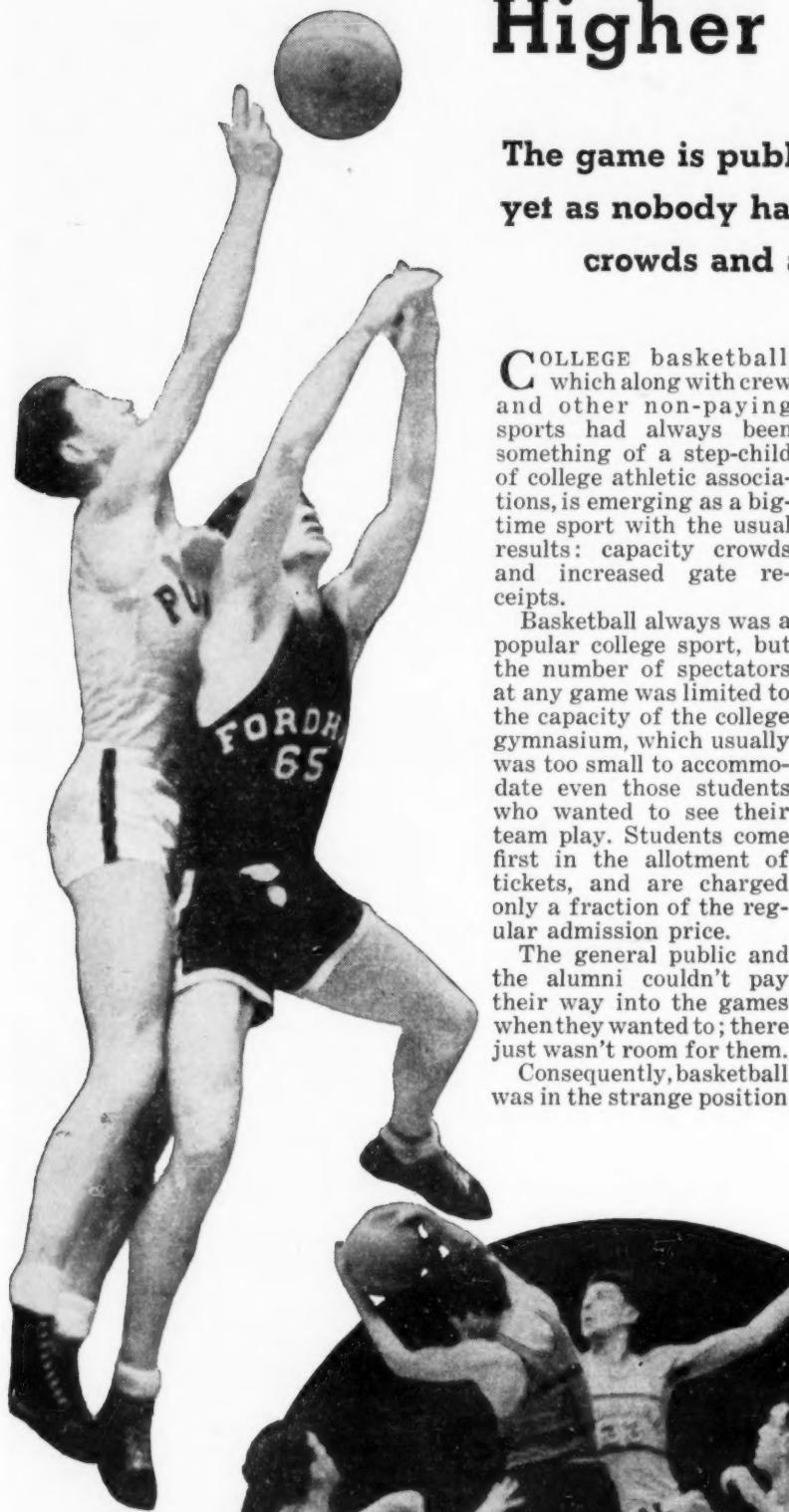
Philadelphia was the next city to make basketball a big-time sport, and Cleveland is the latest city whose colleges are making up the deficit under which the sport has been operating for years.

Now that the game can be played before large crowds, col-

lege teams are traveling farther afield than ever before. Fifteen teams from various sections of the country will play in the Garden this season, among them Stanford, Ohio State, Duquesne, Utah State and the University of Tennessee.

Basketball is taking football's place during the winter, mainly because it has been taken away from stuffy college gyms. We suspect that any night now, the first faint voice will be heard above the roar of the crowd, crying, "Overemphasis!"

Until such a voice is heard the game will continue to grow in popularity with the public, proving that you can't keep a good sport down.



International



Action like this will pack arenas in big cities for the next three months.



Acme

International

They Still Break Records



Wide World
George Varoff clears the bar and breaks another pole vault record.

THE large number of track, field and swimming records approved at the recent convention of the Amateur Athletic Union is the latest and most convincing contradiction of the statement that man is fast reaching his maximum speed, using only the power of his arms and legs.

Some day undoubtedly a "superman" will run a mile or swim 440 yards at a speed which no one else will ever approach, but that day apparently is far off. Record breaking in all sports goes on year after year with no signs of a let-up.

Even if sports are narrowed down to men's track and field, it is easy to see that no record, no matter how phenomenal it seemed when it was established, is safe

for long. In 1932, thirty-seven American records were broken in this division. This number was above the annual average, as many of the records were accounted for at the Los Angeles Olympic Games, some of them being hung up by foreign runners.

The following year, the total of new American records dropped to sixteen. Again in 1934 sixteen records were broken, but the number jumped to twenty-six last year, probably because of the increased track and field activity which marks all pre-Olympic years. Last year a total of 292 records of all sorts were submitted for official approval; this year the number dropped to 200 because of the absence of America's

No athletic record is safe these days as American runners and jumpers continue to improve.

crack athletes during the Olympics in Berlin.

Records in many events are broken with such regularity that a champion of a few years ago is fortunate if he finds his name on the books today. In 1932, for instance, Bill Graber broke the American pole vault mark with a leap of 14 feet, 4 and $\frac{3}{8}$ inches. Last year Keith Brown added three quarters of an inch to the height and this year George Varoff, of San Francisco, demolished the record completely by leaping 14 feet, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Many will say that his record is safe, but it is more likely that some young man who has never been heard of will come along before another summer has passed and knock Varoff's amazing record off the books.

The history of the outdoor high jump mark is a similar story. When Harold Osborne was jumping 6 feet 6 inches a few years ago track fans thought that the ultimate ceiling had been reached.

But along came a whole procession of jumpers and each year the bar was raised another fraction of an inch. The present record of 6 feet, 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches is the joint possession of Cornelius Johnson and David Albritton and there's no telling how long they'll hold it. Anyone who suggested in the past that a human being would ever jump seven feet off the ground was laughed down immediately, but the possibility does not seem so remote today.

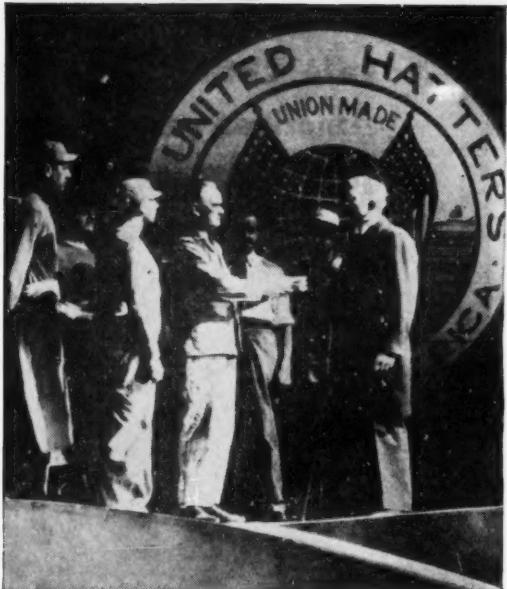
Running records, notably that for the mile, also have been broken consistently. The situation now is such that the spectators are disappointed if the record remains unbroken when Cunningham, Venzke, Bonthron or Lovelock run the distance.

Until that "superman" arrives, there will be plenty of record breakers to thrill the crowd and to give him something to shoot at.



Another record falls before the flying feet of Glenn Cunningham as he defeats Bill Bonthron and Gene Venzke in Madison Square Garden.

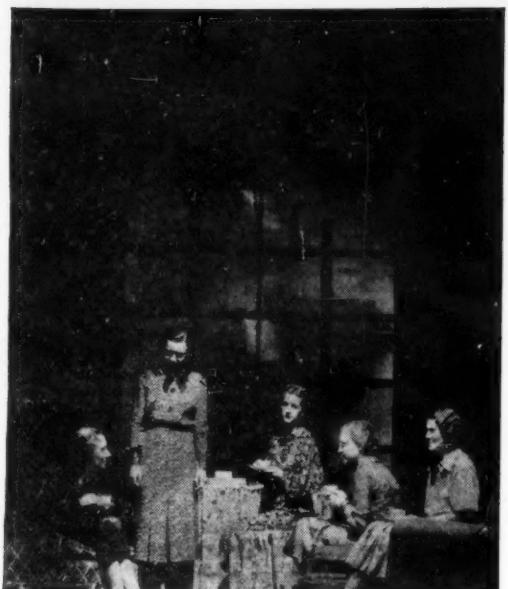
International



Scene from the W. P. A. Living News-
paper production in New York



In Indianapolis, "The Old Maid" by
the Marion Company Theatre



In Alabama, "Chalk Dust," a drama
of high school life

UNCLE SAM, "ANGEL"

**As backer of the W. P. A. Federal Theatre the Government has sunk
\$7,000,000 in its footlights adventure . . . but 10,000 workers have
been given employment and half a dozen hits are already recorded.**

CUT-THROAT competition! yelled the managers.

Regimentation of the arts! sighed the stage-door esthetes.

Actors, my eye! Hams that couldn't get a job in "legitimate," sneered booking-office johnnies.

A four-star flop of an idea, cracked the local critics.

That was back in October, 1935. In Washington, the Works Progress Administration, under Harry Hopkins, had just loosened up the federal purse-strings for the arts. Bricklayers, bridge builders, file-clerks, ex-floor walkers, had relief jobs, why not the orphans of the economic storm, the writers, dancers, actors, designers, seam-

stresses, costumers, directors, down on their uppers trying to find a hole in the stone wall of Broadway through which to crawl into a production?

More actors than parts, and less parts than electric lights, made the Main Stem about as profitable a career as panhandling in Alaska. However, Uncle Sam's decision to go into show business raised a chorus of Calamity Janes. "Boondoggling" walked into the managers' vocabulary. Furthermore, the "arts" were pure: the idea of housing, feeding and jobbing an actor or designer by the government was an act of deliberate debasement of the high na-

ture of Broadway, over-run with shoestring speculators like bugs in a flophouse bed.

The W. P. A. Federal Theatre has been alive a little more than a year. \$7,000,000 have flowed into the organization, all good federal money. But the administrators compute the cost at something like \$500 a head, less than the cost of annihilating one soldier in the trenches. The national project stretches from coast to coast. 10,000 theatre workers have been hired. Units have been established in almost all the principal cities in the country. The projects are everywhere, from Bridgeport, Conn., to Los Angeles. About 600 plays, at a minimum price range, the cost of a movie, have been performed. They run from one to fifteen weeks. Several productions have been outstanding hits, New York's Living Newspaper production, "Triple A Plowed Under," and the Negro Theatre's unique version of "Macbeth" being among the best.

The plays range through every repertory known to the stage—from classical revivals to song-and-dance musicals, Ibsen to marionette shows, French farces to modern poetic tragedies, vaudeville to Gilbert and Sullivan. Thus, every taste is served. A to-



In Tacoma, a melodrama "In His Image"

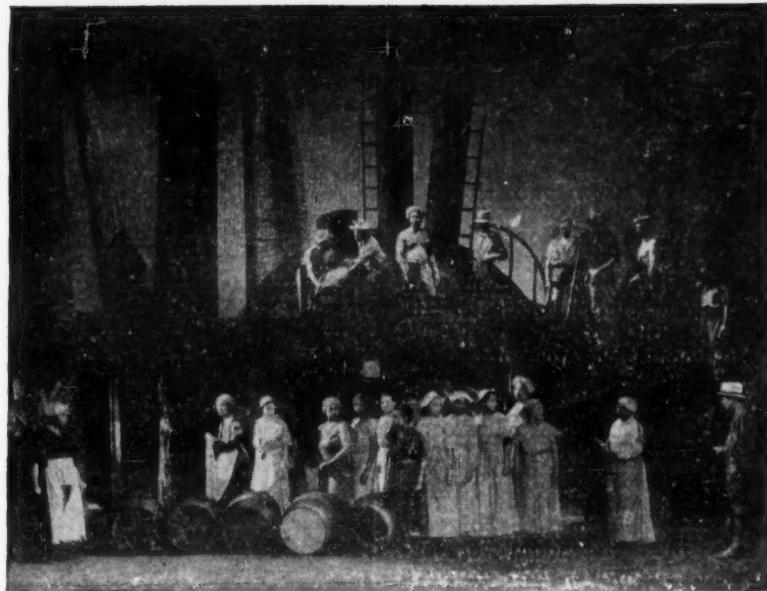


The Negro Theatre's version of "Macbeth," New York

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly



A drama of the deep south, "Turpentine," a Negro Theatre production, written by a member of the company



A high spot from "Turpentine" — when an explosion in a Florida camp brings death and revolt in its wake

tally new kind of audience, foreign to the theatre, has been reached. Many of the companies tour their regions acting in towns and villages which never knew a theatre, and in many territories regional theatres have sprung up as a result of the activity of the Federal Theatre.

"The four million rather than the four hundred" has been the audience the projects are after. Folk theatres have been established, like the Yiddish and Negro units; new dramatists have been accorded a hearing; and recently an unprecedented event in the theatre took place with the simultaneous production in 26 cities by Federal Theatre groups of Sinclair Lewis' anti-fascist, best-seller, "It Can't Happen Here."

The W. P. A. Federal Theatre is one of the strangest incidents in the history of the modern stage. It is a depression product, yet the most extensive patronage the stage has known in any boom time has resulted from it. It has not affected the theatre-going public of the professional stage,

but has supplemented and stimulated interest in the theatre. It is an organization of stage people who have been heretics or castoffs or beginners in the theatre, and yet it has brought a new imagina-

tion to the boards in many productions.

Hallie Flannagan, national director, has been referred to as "the person who persuaded the already harassed government to go

in the show business." Mrs. Flannagan disclaims the honor. She says: "The people who persuaded the Federal government to go in the show business were the 12,500 unemployed professional theatre workers. The Federal Government, and, especially, Mr. Hopkins, ruled, to the apparent stupefaction of a great many people, that artists were people; that painters, actors and musicians could get just as hungry as bridge builders and ditch diggers, and their various skills were as worthy of preservation. Thus the Federal Theatre program had its roots not in any art theory, but in an economic necessity. I think this fact is its greatest strength."

However, there are indications in the air that the Government intends to curtail its expenses on Mrs. Flannagan's artists, actors, and musicians. Whether the Federal Theatre as a program of entertainment for the masses will be seriously crippled remains to be seen. At present, it is among the liveliest arts in America. It deserves to live and flourish.

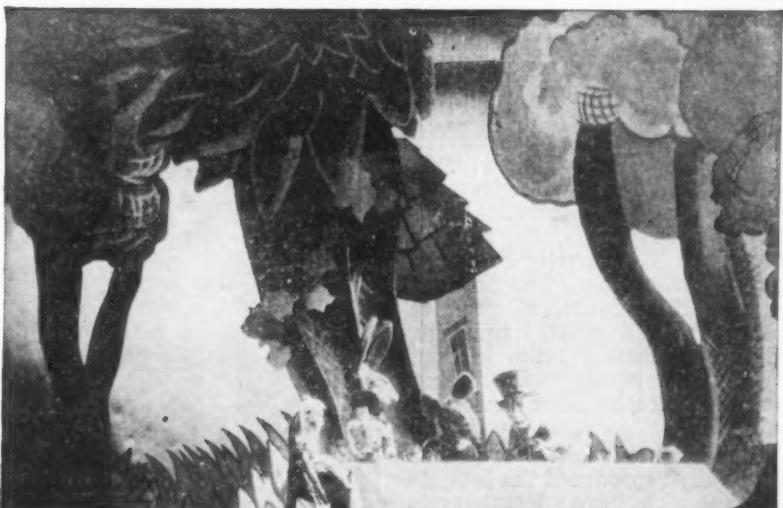


The finale to the "Carnival of Nations," a W. P. A. Portland, Oregon, pageant



In San Francisco, a scene from "Alice in Wonderland"

December 23, 1936



That mad tea party from Lewis Carroll's "Alice"

W. P. A. Federal Theatre Photos

Movie Stuff and Stuffings

Rembrandt.

A London Film production.

Mr. Alexander Korda has a reputation for daring and originality. Certainly he thinks in magnificent cinema projects. His "Private Life of Henry VIII," which boomed the stock of Charles Laughton here and abroad, was a violent and ribald treatise on the intimate debaucheries of reformist England. Mr. Korda's feudal debaucheries were gigantic: the biggest roasted pigs, the biggest hogsheads of wine, the biggest belches in Christendom were exhibited. Likewise, Mr. Korda's production of the H. G. Wells lecture on our technocratic tomorrow, "Things to Come." Mechanical novelty supplanted the novelty of medievalism, space-guns for belches. In his "Rembrandt" Mr. Korda has discovered a new novelty—genius. We have, on exhibit now, the latest delectation from the Korda kitchen—a spiced portrait of the life of a great painter. Yet, we have a feeling that for once in his startlingly successful career as director, producer, and impresario, Mr. Korda caught himself short. The novelty of a man with genius and courage, who ended in poverty with a roomful of unpurchaseable masterpieces scattered around while his last coppers went on paints, doesn't admit the kind of treatment Korda accorded Henry the Eighth. Mr. Korda found himself in the presence of truth and passion—it confused him. The confusion is still there in the film.

The Rembrandt that Mr. Korda, Mr. Charles Laughton and Mr. Carl Zuckmayer, the scenarist, evidently agreed upon before they began to shoot was a Rembrandt who presented the spectacle of a man who was the greatest painter of his time and a despised, outlawed and bankrupt citizen. Thereupon, the three agreed, and the script shows, that Rembrandt was poor and disregarded because he refused to humble his talents to the tastes of the burghers and shopkeepers of the Amsterdam of his time. We have a portrait in process of the artist as rebel.

Mr. Korda has not neglected the women. There is the unseen Saskia, the woman of all the early paintings, his first wife; Geertje, his housekeeper, (Gertrude Lawrence) and mistress, though Miss Lawrence is too pretty to be the fishwife who dragged Rembrandt into court on breach of promise charges; and the Hendricke, (Elsa Lanchester), the kitchen maid who brought the aging painter peace, business sense, and affection.

Furthermore, Mr. Korda has faithfully reproduced the legends of the beggars Rembrandt crowned and painted as biblical prophets, the Jewish rabbis he portrayed as sombre and gentle

scholars. Again, the film neglects to make it clear to the audience that these were models for Rembrandt in default of any other, that he did not paint them out of a romantic pretension, and that driven out by bankruptcy and contumely he was compelled to live cheaply in the Jewish ghetto in Amsterdam. Finally, we are shown the now decrepit and dod-

dering man, his face a grotesque mask of physical decay, murmuring to the image in the mirror as he paints the last portrait we know of him, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity" the words of the preacher in Ecclesiastes echoing, perhaps, Mr. Korda's weary judgment on the art of the motion pictures.

With such a theme, Mr. Korda

certainly is limited in his spectacular effects. The film proceeds through fade-outs and dissolves, bridging decade to decade in Rembrandt's life, successively aging him to the proper decomposition. There is no "plot" or "story" in the accepted meaning of the term. The film advances only through the more extensive decay of Mr. Laughton. It lacks too, a dramatic highlighting, though Mr. Laughton's reading from the Bible are the best the Gideon Society has had in years. Its photography is magnificent, the most successful art element in the film, and Elsa Lanchester's performance is superior. And when you go over the picture carefully, when you put Mr. Korda's failure to create a spectacle alongside of the honesty, the painstaking effort to be true to Rembrandt and art, the campaigning against the money-success of artists, the poetry of the script and the warmth of the situations, there is no doubt, that, though "Rembrandt" may not be a great film, it is one of the best items the screen has had this season, a mature and intelligent attempt to write under Rembrandt's financial failure Mr. Korda's humble opinion, so unlike him, that here was not only a great painter, but a great man.

Son of Mongolia.

A Lenfilm production.

There has been a steady falling off for some time now in the quality of the Russian films. "Nightingale", the last product of the Soviet cinema to be exhibited here, although the first color movie done by the Russians, was an outlandishly childish drama. "Son of Mongolia" is an improvement on the quality, an interesting film without being extraordinary in any of the departments the Russians have excelled in before. The story is a blend of the old folk tales of Mongolia, with Soviet ideology, an attempt to use the form of the old folk tale of the shepherd who began a hero of his people with the content of the Soviet-Japanese struggle in China. Tseven, the shepherd, is no mere human being: he is the Mongolian Autonomous Republic on horseback. Tseven, all by himself, almost drives the Japanese out of Manchuria. He licks Semba, the agent, and all his bandits with only the help of his faithful steed—if the horse's name isn't Silver, it should be. But the picture is really charming; it has the naivete of a fairytale and the heroics of an independent Mongolian Tom Mix wild western. It's pleasant, with the wrestler's sequence very picturesque, and not too many cut-ins of how large the airfleet is, how many tanks Soviet Mongolia has, and how bravely the Mongolians are going to defend their free land....

—Alfred Hayes.



Charles Laughton as the great Dutch master in the biographical photoplay.



Charles Laughton, and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, at the London opening of "Rembrandt."



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Marlene Dietrich, Alexander Korda, and Rudolph Sieber, Dietrich's husband, at the London premier.

The Theatre of the Moment

By George Jean Nathan

THE Theatre Guild's second exhibit of the season is *Prelude To Exile*, by William McNally. A few minutes after the first curtain goes up, an English actor comes out on the stage in a purple velvet jacket and the other actors begin speaking of him and addressing him as Richard Wagner. You thereupon, as is usual on such theatrical biographical occasions, particularly when the central figure is a composer, an artist or a novelist in a purple velvet jacket, sink down into your fauteuil and prepare yourself for the worst.

It is not long in coming. The English actor in the purple velvet jacket no sooner gets going than he unloads upon the character of the great composer all the tantrums, idiosyncratic monkeyshines, physiognomic heebie-jeebies and other stencils that are inevitably associated in the actor—and often director—mind with the delineation of the artistic temperament. The result is that, after twenty minutes or so, the audience is persuaded that its previous conception and picture of Wagner is completely wrong and that the eminent Richard undoubtedly closely resembled Cab Calloway on one of his off days, with maybe just a faint touch of Sigmund Romberg.

Theatre audiences, especially Guild audiences, are however, notoriously hospitable and are usually willing to follow Carlyle's creed of remitted judgment, even if it kills them. So, by way of getting their money's worth, they say to themselves, oh, all right, we'll pretend it is Wagner after all and then let's see what happens. What happens is pretty damned depressing. The English actor playing Wagner finds himself at the Green Hill in Zurich surrounded by Evelyn Varden, of Venita, Oklahoma, who speaks a tony Baltimore English, in the rôle of his Teutonic wife, Minna. As his patron, Otto Wesendonck, he beholds a fellow English actor, Leo G. Carroll, in false whiskers, Mr. Carroll being famous as one of the very best interpreters of British butler rôles. Cosima Liszt von Bulow, our hero further notes, is a cutie who appeared most recently in *Mulatto*, and Adolph, the household servant, he observes to his pardonable surprise, seems to be a Scotch-Irishman. But, like the audience, he also evidently proceeds to remit his judgment and things go along peacefully until the poor fellow beholds as the Mathilde Wesendonck who is to inspire him to write *Tristan*, who is to inflame him with the passion of a wild, mad furnace and who is to cause him to go emotionally, psychically and generally haywire, none other than that unimpeachable snowball, Miss Eva Le Gallienne.



Margaret Sullavan, who has, in *Stage Door*, succeeded in making Broadway like her in the rôle of an actress who despises Hollywood.

From that moment on, Jimmy Durante has nothing on the Guild show.

In almost all these plays dealing with composers whose eyes wander from their wives and land fortissimo on whichever younger actress in the company has been dressed by a particularly smart couturière, the finale of Act II is as foregone a conclusion as the fact that the play can't make any money at the box-office. Along about quarter past ten and after several more or less acrimonious scenes between the composer and his frau, the composer and the young actress in the smart ensemble get together at stage center and work themselves up into the delayed love scene. Suddenly, in the midst of a prolonged buss, the composer stops, grabs his forehead, looks intently into space, and proclaims that at last he has found the inspiration for his true masterpiece. Whereupon he rushes over to the piano (its keyboard invariably concealed from the audience) and pounds out (with the help of a pianist off-stage) one of his more famous compositions. This Act II finale again duly makes its appearance in the exhibit under discussion and, if nothing else, vouchsafes the customers some of the worst acting that it has thus far suffered in all its long and venerable career.

Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, as Wagner, and the intoxicating Miss Le Gallienne go about the business in this fashion. Mr. Lawson seizes the person of Miss Le Gallienne as if it were a luscious Königsbergklops and proceeds to satisfy his starved and hungry soul by glueing his mouth to her ruby lips, the meanwhile protesting his overwhelming artistic need of

her. Then, suddenly, he withdraws, faces the audience, and permits a look to traverse his features that theoretically depicts the dawning of his great inspiration but that for all the world suggests rather that he has been embarrassed by a call of nature. He then hesitates a moment, glances to the right of the stage, and dashes—much to the audience's relief, as it had felt certain the old boy would make head-on for the toilet—to the piano. Once seated, he negotiates the Liebestod, the while Miss Le Gallienne gazes at him with all the flaming ardor of a large Reuben's cucumber. And the audience troops out for a smoke firmly convinced that if Mathilde Wesendonck was anything at all like Miss Le Gallienne she would have inspired Richard Wagner much less to write the Liebestod than something on the order of *Eadie Was a Lady or Goodbye, Girls, I'm Through*.

The Theatre Guild, in short, has turned out another botch.

And Gilbert Miller, on the other hand, has in his exhibition of Wycherley's *The Country Wife* turned out another of his matchlessly polished and immensely proficient productions. When it comes to production care and taste, this Miller stands pretty well alone in our present theatre, with only Guthrie McClintic as a rival. From the day of his earliest appearance in our midst with Monsieur Beaucaire he has seldom failed to do the best possible by the plays he selects, whether in the way of actors, settings, costuming, lighting or anything else. His stages are always beautiful to look at; there is never any stinting in the hiring of the very best players on the market; every-

thing that can help a play he exercises himself to give it. His three current productions, *Victoria Regina*, *Tovarich* and now *The Country Wife*, are unanswerable evidence of the fellow's directorial and staging fecundity. So much for a critical valentine to him.

Wycherley's bawdy comedy in the present handling amounts in this reviewer's estimation to what is surely the most amusing theatrical evening of the season. Age, despite the animadversions of certain folk who seem to prefer the humors of *Three Men on a Horse* and other such Broadway vaudevilles, has not withered its wit nor time its persistent timeliness. Its healthy and robust vulgarity, its frank, unabashed and magnificent sexuality, and its complete dismissal of the smirk and leer are enduring tonics—and its amazing inner life sweeps out upon an audience, despite its prolixity, with a pretty vigor in any day. When I say "an audience," I mean, of course, an audience of the better grade. Whether enough such audiences remain with us this season to guarantee the production a rich run, I have no means of knowing. But I can only express the hope that, if they are around, they will hie themselves to the Henry Miller theatre instanter and have themselves a ribald and juicy time.

Almost everything concerned with the affair gets this department's blue ribbon. Oliver Messel's settings and costumes are of an unusual humor and loveliness. Miller's direction is intelligent, droll, and in the main excellently paced. In the name rôle, Ruth Gordon, save for a tendency here and there to go Minsky, discloses herself as a comedienne combining the gayest attributes of an Yvonne Printemps (when under Guitry's direction) and a Beatrice Lillie. Several of her scenes are better than anything she has hitherto done. Roger Livesey, as Mr. Horner, the rumored victim of an embarrassing operation which hypothetically incapacitates him for husbands' wrath, is a Restoration comedian to Charles II's own taste. And everyone else in the troupe from Stephen Ker Appleby, Louis Hector and Percy Waram among the men to Irene Browne, Violet Besson and Helen Trenholme among the women is similarly in for a departmental decoration.

In other words, Mr. George Jean Nathan who, so report sometimes goes, can't be pleased by anything, allows that the whole thing tickles him immensely. The play may be a bit unduly repetitive, it is true, but Mr. N. will gladly take the repetitions along with all the rest.

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IT'S IN THE NEWS!

by ERIC GODAL



"I WILL NEXT
DEMONSTRATE MY GREAT
DISAPPEARING ACT!"

Sam Malusch, jailed as mental case at Newport, Ky., startled his jailers by making \$10 bills appear at will out of thin air. He was searched; had no money. Next day he produced \$37. They took it away. He plucked \$50 more from nowhere.



"I'LL FREEZE, WITHOUT ONE BRACELET."

Gypsy Rose Lee, New York strip-tease artiste, objects strenuously when hold-up men strip her of jewels, because she feels "positively nude."



"COME BACK WHEN YOU'VE
GOT YOUR GROWTH."

Norman W. Anderson, 19, and six feet eight and a half inches tall, is rejected for the army because he may continue to grow and there are no 12-inch shoes in the commissary.



"HURRY UP, GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE ANOTHER CALL AT THE VANDER-RICH MANSION."

Police Chief C. J. Woodruff, of Tampa, Fla., institutes a club-to-home police wagon service for gentleman drunks only. But they must phone for appointment.

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly



Gertrude Niesen on Jack Oakie's Program.

CHRISTMAS brings some new shows to the networks. Al Jolson, Sid Silvers and Martha Raye will pool their talents on a new series which debuts next Tuesday night, December 22, at 8:30 P. M., E. S. T. Most significant item in the announcement of this new program is the fact that Jolson will not do comedy but will leave the visibility department in the hands of diminutive Sid Silvers.

Silvers for eight years was that atom of anonymity, that iota of insignificance, that ovule of obscurity — a stooge. Well-known and liked by theatre audiences throughout the country, nobody knew his name. He was Phil Baker's stooge.

After breaking off with Baker, he journeyed to Hollywood where he found it difficult to sell himself as a performer. So he became a writer—which was quite an accomplishment for a guy who never went to school. Even today, he uses a collaborator because he isn't too comfortable with a pencil in his hand.

Jack Benny called on him to stooge on a few air programs after which he sank back into the movie morass from which he emerged this year as one of the writers and one of the stars in "Born to Dance."

His appearance next Tuesday as a comedian on his own—an air rival of his former bosses—makes for drama. Maybe he'll even hire a stooge.

* * *

December 29 brings Jack Oakie, heading a new show which replaces Rupert Hughes' Caravan broadcasts on Tuesday night. Beginning at 9:30 P. M., Oakie will head a full hour program which will feature guest singers, college amateur talent et al.

This jamboree will be set in a mythical college of which Oakie is the President. Each week he will present to his air classes visiting lecturers in the persons of prominent comedians. College talent will be curried off the campuses and presented each week. This tops Major Bowes—here now are amateurs with college degrees.

This will be Oakie's first regular radio series, although he has been heard on the air in guest appearances before this.

For Radio Fans Only —

The Stooge Is Now The Star

Sid Silvers, for eight years foil for Phil Baker, becomes recognized comedian—while Al Jolson deserts comedy to play "straight" parts to Sid's foolery.

Gertrude Niesen, in Hollywood making a picture, will be the first guest artist on the December 29 program. The Harvard Glee Club will take care of the college talent department.

Georgie Stoll from Hollywood and Bennie Goodman, piped in from New York, will continue to provide the music for the Caravan production.

* * *

Christmas spells a headache for the members of the broadcasting companies' copyright department who check the songs to be presented on the air and make certain that at least two hours elapse before a song is repeated on the networks.

Very much in demand are Christmas carols and hymns. According to established arrangement, commercial programs have preference over sustaining broadcasts but at least two hours must elapse between commercials before a song—and that goes for hymns—can be repeated. First come, first served is the order of things. The bars have been let down a bit for Christmas however, and the two hour limitation will not be strictly adhered to.

First request to play Christmas melodies on December 25 was received November 12. Reserved by Broadway Varieties (WABC, 8:00 P. M.) were "Adeste Fidelis," "Silent Night," "Jingle Bells," and "First Noel." Andre Kostelanetz, who planned to play "Silent Night" the same night at 8:30 as a tribute to Madame Schumann-Heink, will be unable to do so.

According to the copyright department the most popular tunes this Christmas will be the following, in the order of their popularity: "Silent Night," "Adeste Fidelis," "Jingle Bells," "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," "Tannenbaum," "First Noel," "Good King Wenceslas," "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear," and "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen." For those who prefer a bit of jazz with their Christmas there will be "Winter Wonderland," "Santa Claus Express," "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town," and "Christmas Night in Harlem."

Guy Lombardo, whose theme song has always been "Auld Lang Syne," will have to reserve the tune for a New Year's broadcast when that song will be in greatest demand.

* * *

Seldom publicized but among the most interesting folks in radio are gag writers. Eddie Cantor has on his staff Eddie Lavis,

former New York City cab driver. Joe Penner uses gags contributed by Hal Raynor, pastor of the Glendora Episcopal Church in Hollywood.

* * *

NBC thinks enough of Hildegarde, the American miss who had to go to Europe to make good here, to pay her \$1,000 a week for two half hour broadcasts.

Four years ago, after a discouraging session on Broadway, she went to Europe where she got a job which didn't amount to

language only, until she was in her 'teens. Boasts of the most exclusive wardrobe amongst radio singers with 90 evening dresses and 150 pairs of shoes.

She has introduced several European tunes here, notably "Isle of Capri," "Red Sails in the Sunset," and "These Foolish Things."

* * *

Guy Lombardo, this month, celebrates the twentieth year of his career as an orchestra leader, begun in London, Ontario, when



Sid Silvers, shown here with Frances Langford, has deserted the narrow path of the stooge for the wobbly course of comedy.

much until the King of Sweden commanded a Paris night club to bring her back for a return engagement. Publicity which followed shot her up in the star brackets and she sang for a while at the Scherezade and Cazanova Clubs in Paris, following with engagements at London's exclusive caravanseries.

European critics hailed her as the girl who sings like Garbo looks. Be that as it may, Hildegarde is one of the most nonchalant singers on the networks. She reads a paper in the studio until it's time to go on. Mixing up her lyrics doesn't faze her. Two weeks ago she started to sing "Pennies from Heaven" as "Heaven from Pennies." She stopped at the "He—" however, and made it "Hapennies from Heaven," giving silent thanks to international exchange.

She speaks with a slight German accent which she got in Milwaukee where she spoke that

he was fourteen years old. His proudest boast is that, in the years of its organization, he hasn't made one change in the band's personnel, other than additions.

In view of the fact that the most difficult thing to keep together—next to a Hollywood marriage—is a bunch of musicians, this is quite an accomplishment.

Guy started his orchestra in his home town, London, Ontario, with his brother Carmen and his school chum, Fritz Kreitzer. When brother Liebert and George Gowans, a neighbor's boy, joined up, Guy had completed the original Royal Canadians. With this orchestra, he came to America in 1924. The oldest member in the orchestra, he was 22.

Since that time, his brother Victor joined up as did Fred Higman, Larry Owen, Francis Henry, Bern Davies, Jim Dillon, Wayne Webb, and Dudley Fosdick.

Books in Review

Alfred Knopf celebrates his twenty-one years of publishing with a tremendous treat for buyers of the "Borzoi Reader"—a selection of twentieth century literature edited by Carl Van Doren.

This noble compilation is not historical or representative. It is chosen to give the reader pleasure and to guide him in understanding how different individuals live in the same world, and how the same individual changes from such diverse worlds as the pre-war world, the world of wartime, and the world today, which is bent on finding another order.

The ten-hundred-and-thirty-page volume contains five short novels: "My Mortal Enemy," by Willa Cather; "Death in Venice," by Thomas Mann; "The Venetian Glass Nephew," by Elinor Wylie; "The Sailors Return," by David Garnett; and "Tubal Cain," by Joseph Hergesheimer; one play: "Of Thee I Sing"; and many essays, including "This Simian World," by Clarence Day, and "The Nature of Slang," by H. L. Mencken.

(*"The Borzoi Reader," edited by Carl Van Doren. \$3.75.*)

To See Ourselves

"Portraits and Self-Portraits," by George Schreiber, is an original book. It contains forty drawings of famous writers accompanied by what the authors think about themselves (within the limit of two pages).

Most of these short autobiographies are piquant and gracious. Only Waldo Frank is dubious. He feels reading the reviews has become a substitute for reading the books themselves, and "is it possible this very volume now in your hands, dear 'reader,' is another substitute for reading? What a bonanza! For the price of a volume, here are portraits and autobiographies of forty writers of supposedly good books—the perfect household panacea!"

Albert Einstein's self-portrait is the shortest and finest, I think.

Henri Barbusse writes only why he has become a revolutionary.

Stephen Vincent Benét just kids along about always being taken for an insurance agent.

William Rose Benét, on the other hand, writes seriously that he is constantly one jump ahead of the sheriff, and has never saved a cent in his life. "He believes in a wild God of his own . . . is convinced that you get what you pray for—sometimes in the most uncomfortable ways! — likes eating and drinking, and idolizes beauty in women."

Havelock Ellis thinks himself an oddity.

Lion Feuchtwanger gives only the statistics of his life. For example, "I have written eleven

dramas, three good ones, which were never produced, one mediocre one which has been played 2,346 times, and one very bad one, which has been widely acclaimed on 167 German stages within the last two years."

Robert Frost writes a fine poem on the poet's state.

Sinclair Lewis doubts he has a private personality outside his stories. He reads in public prints that he is "a raging reformer—an embittered satirist . . . a bustling journalist. . . . The critics ought to know, it's their job. . . . Only I should have thought Brother Lewis was essentially a story-teller—just as naive and excited, and unself-conscious as the Arab story-tellers beside the caravan fires seven hundred years ago."

Emil Ludwig reveals that he has never studied history, but always people.

André Maurois knows of "no life more simple, or more integrated than my own. . . . If it holds any interest whatsoever, it is because it proves that talent always finds a way to express itself."

H. L. Mencken is being himself. He writes, "My acquaintances among authors is naturally large, and I have some close friends among them, but taking one with another they seem to me to be dull

fellows, and in some aspects, hard to distinguish from eunuchs."

Somerset Maugham has tried to remember that life is there "not to be written about, but to be lived."

Whereas Luigi Pirandello finds it "extremely difficult to supply biographical notes about my life for the simple reason I have forgotten to live. . . . I do not live it but write it."

(*"Portraits and Self-Portraits," by George Schreiber. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.75.*)

"We or They"

Mussolini announced: "The struggle between two worlds can permit no compromise. Either we or they!" Hamilton Fish Armstrong analyzes the two conflicting systems: Democratic and Dictatorial (Fascist and Communist alike) in his book "We or They"—and dedicates it "to those honorable men in prison and in exile for liberty."

Mr. Armstrong compares the two systems in their ideologies of law, art, literature, science, philosophy, education, sport and religion. He says, "In the United States the choice is made—made by reason and instinct. Most Americans ranking governments

by their ability to afford the greatest number the greatest material good, consider democracy best able to do this."

Mr. Armstrong is satisfied that our instincts as well as our reason have led us to democracy, and that, though some of us starve, the greatest number eat; therefore he goes on to the question: "Can tolerably satisfactory relations ever be established between peoples free and peoples in chains?"

He answers in the negative, urges mobilization of democratic policies and cooperation between democratic peoples. He exhorts us to answer actively and dynamically the challenge of the dictators.

(*"We or They," by H. F. Armstrong. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.*)

Christianity's Social Conscience

James Dombrowski's book "The Early Days of Christian Socialism in America" credits the labor movement for awakening in religion a social conscience. But once the economic duty of Christianity was realized many brilliant writers such as Henry George, Richard Ely, Henry Demarest Lloyd and Edward Bellamy devoted their talents to disseminating propaganda.

(*"The Early Days of Christian Socialism in America," by James Dombrowski. Columbia University Press. \$2.50.*)

Worth Reading

"The Ship Builders," a monumental novel by George Blake has received enthusiastic approval from all its English readers. The English majority seem to be right.

(*"The Ship Builders," by George Blake. Lippincott Co. \$2.50.*)

Robert Neuman, the biographer of Zaharoff, the late "armaments king," has written an historical novel: "The Queen's Doctor." It has eighteenth century Denmark for its background, and a doctor who became dictator for a few years as its hero.

(*"The Queen's Doctor," by Robert Neuman. Alfred Knopf. \$2.50.*)

Had not "The World Around Us" been chosen by the Scientific Book Club one might have read it with curiosity and delight, innocent of its text-book profundity. However, since it is stamped with their approval, the strange facts described in it must be true, too.

(*"The World Around Us," by Dr. Paul Carson. Simon and Schuster. \$3.00.*)

—HORNER YOUNG.

Pass Friend

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly

Brain Tanglers

Solutions? If you must peek, they're on p. 46

A Gambler's Gag

Because puzzles are confusing, there is something a little mysterious about them to the uninitiated. Consequently they are a favorite stock in trade of the professional gambler. An innocent-looking game of skill may be a trap for the unwary, because the gambler has puzzled it out to its logical conclusion, whereas his victim has not.



So, before risking any hard-earned cash on your "skill," first find out whether skill has anything to do with it! Don't, for instance, bet on the game described below—unless you have the first move.

This game is a favorite with tavern-keepers who "match" their customers for drinks. It is so simple that deception seems out of the question, yet the fact is that he who knows how can *always* win.

It is played with a dozen matches, toothpicks or coins, arranged into three groups. There is one group of 5 matches, one group of 4, one group of 3. Here's how they would be arranged on the table:

The two players move alternately. On each move the player may remove any number of matches from one group, or take away the entire group. He must take away at least one match, but he cannot touch more than one group on any one move. Thus, from the group of 5, he can take away 1, 2, 3, 4 matches or all 5, but he is not allowed to take any match from either of the other two groups until his next move.

The object of the game is to force your opponent to take the last match.

To put it differently, you try to arrange your moves so that you and your opponent pick up all but one match, leaving him to make the last move.

Some of the last moves are quickly obvious. If you should leave two matches on the table, whether in one group or two, your opponent can pick up one of them. This leaves the last one to you, and you lose. But if you should leave three matches, each in a separate group, then your opponent can take only one, you take the second, and he must take the last. You win. On the other hand, if two of the matches are in one group, with the third one alone, your opponent picks up the two together, leaving the last one to you. And you lose.

The number of possible moves seems so enormous, at first glance, that it looks impossible for there to be any trickery in this simple game. But it's as full of tricks as a Broadway novelty shop.

If you move first, you can always win. But you must make the right move. What is it?

Cryptogram

Cryptograms, despite the common belief that they were conceived by some gentleman with a penchant for the torture of the human brain, are really not new. The Greeks knew a good deal about the cryptogram, and those who would solve them had some very good words for them, no doubt. They were in great vogue during the war, when the general staffs of armies made up some very good ones.

Concerning the cryptogram which follows directly below, it might be well to point out that the National Puzzler's League voted it the toughest one ever made by the mind of man. We agree.

The answer, as usual, is on the next page. If you want to be fair with yourself, though, it should take you about three or four weeks to turn to the next page. At any rate, we give you the world's toughest cryptogram.

X Z A K Y B M Q Z B J X Q F H M F N D X B G V P

M R N D S N F T J X Y G V A, K B L E X D P Z Q P J B L N D

E Z R N X B M A; J F B Y P D G T M V Z D J X R M T

F T B D B Z N Y Z J H P V G B Q, L T D X B Z A A G B Q P L X N.

Things You Think You Know

This upsetting business of discovering that the things you *think* you know are things you don't know at all, is getting to be quite a game. It's hard on the ego, but it disciplines your sense of accuracy, and it's a particularly potent weapon against the fellow who always knows it all.

Following are ten statements. Each may be either true or false. In the space before each number, put down a T if the statement is true, an F if the statement is false. *If you don't know, leave it blank.*

Score plus 1 for every statement correctly identified as true or false; minus 1 for every incorrect answer; zero for every one unanswered. Perfect score plus 10; excellent score plus 5; and (providing you answer at least five of them) a score of zero is not as bad as it looks.

1. "Quite" means the same "totally."
2. The Virgin Islands were the last foreign territory acquired by the United States.
3. Persons living in the District of Columbia are not permitted to vote.



4. People in New York eat their noonday lunch before people in San Francisco eat theirs.
5. The first subway in the United States was built in New York.
6. The English common law is the basis of jurisprudence in all the States of the United States.
7. The letters and words in a moving spell-out electric sign move from right to left.
8. The head of a Roman Catholic diocese is an archbishop.
9. Energy can neither be created nor destroyed.
10. Diesel motors have no ignition system.

How's Your Mathematics?

When you come to think of it, there are a great many very peculiar things about figures. For example, did it ever strike you as odd that 2 plus 2 equals 4, while at the same time 2 times 2 equals



4? That is, the same result is obtained when the two numbers are added together as when they are multiplied together.

Now, it is odd, much odder than it seems. Even more odd is the fact that the number of such pairs is infinite. For any given number, there is another number which, when either added to or multiplied by the original number, will give the same result.

Take a good look at that 2-plus-2 and 2 times 2. See if you can discover the principle that creates this oddity. If you get it right, you can apply it to any number under the sun.

For luck, take the number 7. What number is it which will produce the same result whether added to or multiplied by 7?

What's In A Name?

Taking names apart and putting them together again in the form of anagrams sometimes leads to curious results. Not infrequently the anagram puts the truth in a weird, almost supernatural form. By way of illustration, just look what happened to these.

Each of the capitalized phrases is an anagram of a name or group of names. The name is to be spelled out of the same letters that compose the anagram, leaving none of them out, using none of them more often than they appear.

The mystic angle is that each

anagram says something which, if you think it over carefully, is a clue to the answer. Of the three, only the last one should give you any difficulty. The first two fairly leap right out of the page:

RISKED LEFT TREND ON VALOR, SPINE (you know this man).

DRAWLS WISDOM; SMIRKS PAIN ENGLAND (you need no hints!).

NEE JOLLY WELSH'LL WIN (he's engaged in a fight).

Here is one that is the name of an institution rather than a person:

STOP MUCH ERE TRUE.

**Solutions to Problems
On Page 45**

"A Gambler's Gag"

By working backwards from the last move to the first, the confusing aspect of the match game is removed. Through this method it is found that if your opponent is left in certain key positions, he is unable to win no matter what he does. Earlier moves in the game are then calculated to force him into these positions.

You can always win—that is, you can always leave one match—if you leave your opponent with any of the following groups: 2 and 2; 3 and 3; 4 and 4; 1 and 1 and 1; 1 and 2 and 3.

If you leave him with any other combinations, however, he can turn the tables by forcing you into these losing set-ups.

One or the other of these losing combinations will invariably result for your opponent, no matter what he does, if on your first move you take 2 matches away from the group containing 3, and then continue to play to force him into a losing position. This leaves your opponent with the combination of 5 and 4 and 1. If you run through all the possible moves from this combination, you will see that all of them leave your opponent open to one of the simpler pitfalls described above.

Cryptogram

Halfbred archduke upthrows empty punchbowl, frights adscript gamphrel; curbstone watchmen unstrap backsword, inthral lordship.

"Things You Think You Know"

1. TRUE. "Quite" in the sense of "almost, but not entirely" is a colloquial usage.
2. FALSE. Baker, Jarvis and Howland Islands in the Pacific Ocean were annexed in 1935.
3. FALSE. Residents of the District of Columbia, as such, do not enjoy the franchise, but they can retain voting residence in the States of their origin. Most people living in the District do vote in this way, and merely living there does not disqualify them.
4. TRUE. Noon in San Francisco arrives three hours later than in New York, or at 3:00 P. M. New York time.
5. FALSE. The first American subway was built in Boston, Mass.
6. FALSE. Jurisprudence in Louisiana is based on the Roman civil law. In all other States the English common law is the basis.
7. TRUE.
8. FALSE. Head of a diocese is a bishop.
9. TRUE. No form of energy can be increased or diminished



except at the expense or to the benefit of another.

10. TRUE. Fuel in Diesel motors is ignited by its own compression, not by a spark or other ignition system.

of 2, it is really 2 plus $2/1$ or 2 times $2/1$. The principle holds good for any number.

"How's Your Mathematics?"

To get two numbers that will produce the same result when added or multiplied, take any number and divide it by itself less 1. The resultant number can be added or multiplied by the original number to give the same answer. Thus 7 plus $7/6$ is $8\frac{1}{6}$, and so is 7 times $7/6$. In the case

RISKED LEFT TREND ON VALOR, SPINE—President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

DRAWLS WISDOM; SMIRKS PAIN ENGLAND—King Edward and Mrs. Wallis Simpson.

NEE JOLLY WELSH'LL WIN—John Llewellyn Lewis (which, translated, is John L. Lewis).

STOP MUCH ERE TRUE—The Supreme Court.



**Solution to Last Week's
Crossword Puzzle**

Midweek Crossword Puzzle

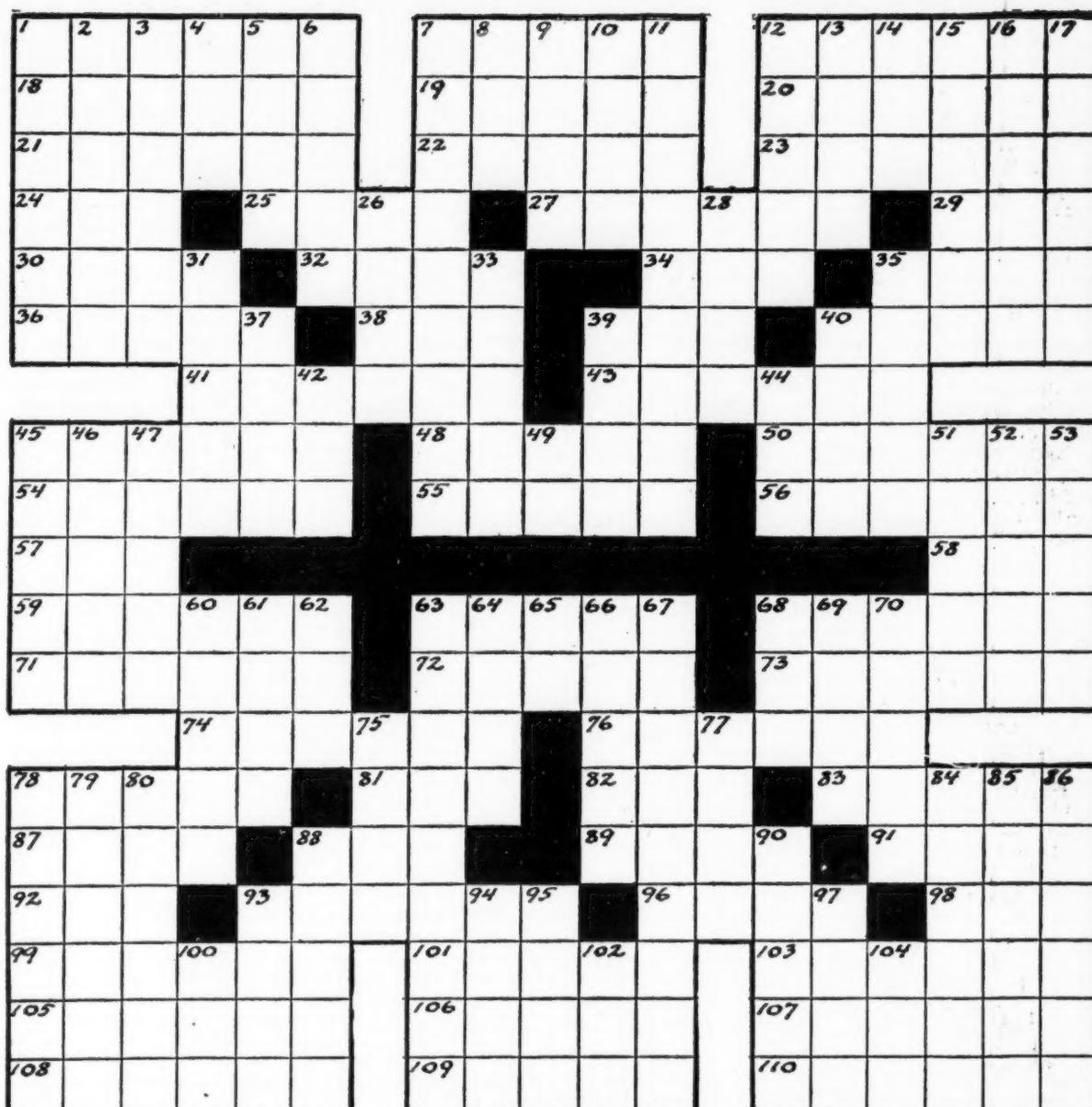
Solution
Next Week

ACROSS

- Editor of the "Spectator papers"
- Scottish poet
- Author of "Faust"
- Great French poet and greater rogue
- Pseudonym of Mary Ann Evans
- Translator of Bibles into German
- Tennyson's "Lily Maid of Astolat"
- Author of "Robinson Crusoe"
- Eternity (poetic)
- Permit
- Recede
- Begrudges
- And so forth (abbr.)
- Allowance for waste
- Low resort
- Finis
- The dill
- Form of composition affected by Charles Lamb
- No (slang)
- United
- Smooths
- Metallic element
- South African fly
- Don Quixote's "man Friday"
- Muse of lyric poetry
- Chronicles
- Author of "Pride and Prejudice"
- Friend of Pythias
- Founder of Methodism
- More (music)
- Son of Jacob
- Italy (Italian)
- The shrine of Mecca
- Roman author and orator
- American poetess
- Ether salts
- Made amends
- Mr. Laval of France
- Author of "Paradise Lost"
- Acts (French)
- Egg
- Character in Ibsen's "Peer Gynt"
- Physical effort in bodily function
- Self-controlled
- Sound made by calf
- Pierce
- Seal with wax
- Male swan
- Transgressor
- Spoken
- President's nickname
- Thought
- Business combine
- Author of "Lord Jim"
- Roman stoic philosopher
- Support for picture
- Extract of opium
- Unusual pleasures
- Laminated rock
- Squatter (Western slang)

DOWN

- Stylishly slender
- Masonic doorkeepers
- Exhilarates
- Nickname of Yale
- Author of "My First Year in the White House"
- Epic poem by Virgil
- Tormented
- Breadfruit tree of Mexico
- Abundant
- Midday
- Author of "Treasure Island"
- Squinted (Scotch)
- The Republicans
- Summer (French)
- A funeral song
- Theologian; editor of the Vulgate
- Builds
- Miss Delmar
- Arrow poison
- Silent acquiescence
- Part-time movie actor
- Small evergreen plants
- Old times (poetic)
- Aspirant to Hapsburg throne
- Serf
- Early American writer (nickname)
- Boy's marble
- Relishable
- Without reservation
- Customary
- Exist
- Character in Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish"
- Instruct (prov. Eng.)
- Church council
- Fold on a coat
- Saxon king (poss.)
- American humorist



- Author of "Don Quixote"
- Afloat
- By
- Enclosures about altars
- Greek "Philosopher of Philosophers"
- House pet
- River in France
- Cone-shaped
- Kind of horse
- Shakespeare's legendary king
- Address
- Author of "The Last of the Mohicans"
- Silk fabric
- The chimaera
- Suave
- Planter
- Fabulously rich man
- Medieval English philosopher
- Schism
- Pertaining to era
- Rusine deer
- Steady pace
- American newspaper syndicate (initials)
- Solidify
- Town in Serbia

IN THIS issue, George Jean Nathan, dean of American Theatre critics, expresses his Doctrines, Dogmas and Delights. Be sure to read his articles on the theatre. They will be featured each week in Mid-Week Pictorial, The Newspicture Weekly.

How Did You Get Through the Week?

By Charles B. Driscoll

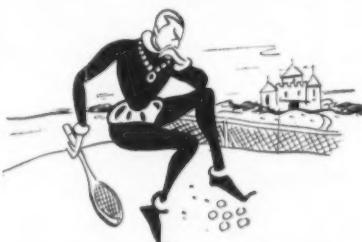
DOWN WITH IMPERIALISM! shouted LIBORIO JUSTO, while PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT was speaking in *Buenos Aires*. The young man's dad, PRESIDENT AUGUSTIN JUSTO, of *Argentina*, sat on the platform as host to the distinguished guest from the north, and was Dad's face red! . . . The two Presidents clasped hands immediately after the speech ended, and talked in low tones. . . . One can imagine what may have been said. . . . So sorry, old man, but I can't make that bolshevik son of mine shut up. . . . Pray don't mention it. . . . Yes, but really, one's family should keep still sometimes. . . . You're telling ME? . . . But history should teach EDWARD that anyone who argues with a Bishop is cutting out a tough winter's work for himself. HIS GRACE can always win by praying for your soul and wishing that you had the *Grace of God*. . . . Ask FATHER COUGHLIN. . . . Yes, HENRY THE EIGHTH went to the mat, but if you listen carefully on a frosty morning you can still hear the echoes. . . . In this country indignation against the red-coats is rising. My wife says they're insulting us by insinuating that a beautiful woman



from *Baltimore* isn't good enough for an English KING. But I'm for peace—with honor, of course. . . . LAMBERT FAIRCHILD is hot for ravaging their coasts and taking all by the sword, but cooler heads will leash the dogs until the incident has blown over. . . . Christmas cards delight me. I hoard them as treasure, and address, stamp and mail a thousand myself. . . . Funniest card comes from CLIFFORD McBRIDE, California artist. . . . Earliest from ALBERT PAYSON and ANICE TERHUNE, with original carol by the talented MRS. TERHUNE. . . . Most distant, usually from LAIRD ARCHER, Athens. . . . What happened to the popularity of HAROLD BELL WRIGHT? . . . I can remember when the country was as crazy about *The Shepherd of the Hills* and *The Winning of Barbara Worth* as it is now about *Gone With the Wind*. . . . But I found the REV. MR. WRIGHT not too interesting when I talked with him in New York. . . . If I were a publisher I'd go after an autobiography of JIM FARLEY, and

I'd call it *I Put It Over, Didn't I?* . . . And I know a man who could write the most interesting book about stage and screen people that's still unwritten. He is DENNIS FRANCIS O'BRIEN, of the law firm of O'BRIEN, DRISCOLL & RAFFTERY, for many years O'BRIEN, MALEVINSKY & DRISCOLL (No, no relation to me.) The firm has specialized in authors, playwrights, actors and such, for a long generation. O'BRIEN grew up with GEORGE M. COHAN, at North Brookfield, Mass. . . . And I know a man, past middle age, who has spent his whole life, since boyhood, trying to look and act like COHAN did in his early plays. You know, the tan coat, collar up, hat pulled down over one eye, wry grin, and all that. I've been told that a goodly number of boys started imitating COHAN about the time of *The Seven Keys to Baldpate*, but few of them kept it up through life. Not even GEORGE M. did that. He's different now, sedate and philosophical, but still smiling. . . . Well, Mr. Publisher, get after O'BRIEN, and call his book *From the Wings*. Don't mention it; I'm always scattering pearls like that. . . . In fact, I'll toss this one to the movie people. A farm story, earthy, from our own Middle West, rich and genuine as *Growth of the Soil*, with a salty family and not too much heroics, would go over bigger than anything else in 1937. . . .

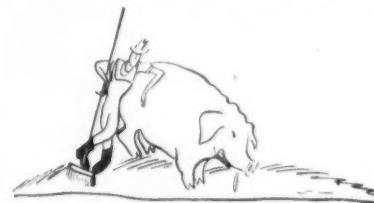
OTIS SKINNER played LAERTES to EDWIN BOOTH'S *Hamlet*, and recalls their showing in a tiny house in *Vincennes, Ind.*, with a croquet set and other modern stuff painted into the scenery. . . . *They All Played Hamlet* would be a fine title for a book which would gather up history and anecdotes of great actors who have performed that greatest of all parts.



...JOHN GIELGUD, whose Hamlet is one of the best ever, is a grandson of KATE TERRY, elder sister of ELLEN TERRY. . . . JOSEPH VINCENT CONNOLLY, one of the better-known editor-managers of the big town, has bought a farm of 100 acres near *New Milford, Conn.*, and will go in for scientific farming just as soon as he can get a scientist and a farmer, a flock of hogs and a bevy of cows. . . . Joking aside, the

prejudice against city chaps who go farming is evaporating. MR. BARCLAY WARBURTON, grandson of old JOHN WANA-MAKER, was doing some important experimenting on his *Pennsylvania* farm, before he was accidentally killed while tracking down a pheasant for Thanksgiving dinner. He was producing gigantic cattle and hogs by injecting hormones from glands that cause growth. . . . Following up these leads, wealthy farmers like MR. CONNOLLY may be able to produce hogs as big as cattle and cattle as big as elephants, in a few years. . . . What do you say, MR. ARTHUR BRISBANE, chimpanzees in airplanes couldn't do more, could they?

BUT there is more to this new farming than merely making a hundredweight of tenderloin grow where one pound of round steak grew heretofore. You plant potatoes in a box of shavings and sawdust, thick as raisins in



Christmas bread. Into the box you put exactly the chemicals required to produce potatoes; then you turn on artificial sunlight and let Nature take its course. . . . In a few weeks you have, out of a bed the size of a town lot, more and bigger potatoes than you could raise with much labor and sweat on a hundred-acre farm in three months in a favorable year under perfect skies. . . . And not only potatoes, but all vegetables and some fruits, can be produced thus, according to those who are up to their eyes in the subject. . . . When this new agriculture gets under way, the economy of scarcity will simply evaporate, for no government could raise the money to pay a farmer for not raising that many potatoes. . . . unless they raised money the same way—I never thought of that. . . . I heard JIMMY WALKER do a little after-dinner talk lately, and it wasn't the same old JIMMY, not by many smiles. The hair is jet black, every sprig of it, but the man is marked by strain and wear and bitterness. . . . It's hard to beat BUGS BAER for popular toasting. . . . And we saw COUNT GOSTA MORNER off on the *Normandie*, for a quickie to *Stockholm* and return. . . . So we arranged a simple code for saving money in expressing Christmas greetings. Before he left we exchanged compliments, trade lasts, good wishes, a thousand words each. Then we agreed that one

word, cabled, would be code for all that. . . . And the word, of course, is *skoal*. In *Swedish* you spell it *skal*, with a little circle over the a. It means everything when you drink a toast, always facing your friend and looking into his eyes while you drain the cup without resting. . . . JOE ISRAELS has been going about the country, lecturing on *Ethiopia*, and finds plenty of people still interested in HAILIE SELAS-SIE and his plight. But how



easily we did forget our indignation against MUSSOLINI for that bit of burglary. . . . But SIR GERALD CAMPBELL, British Consul-General in *New York*, a Scotsman with English humor, raised his bushy gray eyebrows the other day, when someone spoke of the *Lady from Baltimore*. Said he, *Where is Baltimore; in England or America?*

AWARD. Best user of correct English in print: ALDOUS HUXLEY. His book that has entertained me most is *Jesting Pilate*. . . . Home town note: HENRY J. ALLEN of Wichita was one of the autumn campaign casualties. Motor crash on way to speaking date in *Indiana*; broken ribs, injured leg, not so good for veteran war-horse, 68 before last election. He wrote me from hospital the other day, cheerful and zestful. . . . RUGGIERO RICCI is the young violin marvel of the hour, making metropolitan audiences think of MISCHA ELMAN when, 17 and long-haired, he stood musical *America* on its ear with his fiddle. ELMAN is now 45 and bald, temperamental as a hook-and-ladder driver, but still making noises with catgut that takes my money. . . . The grandest dog I know, other than our CAPTAIN KIDD, is JOE PALOOKA, a gigantic rotweiler, owned by HAM FISHER. . . . Well, I wonder if EDWARD AND WALLIS know how Americans and all romantic folk wish them joy and victory. They have obstacles to overcome, and so they are our own people, quite suddenly.

*Yet still they light their fires at the stars,
And still they bridle the chafing sea
For the sake of a dream that has always been...
That will always be.*

And, indeed, how did you get through the week?

\$10,000 CASH PRIZES!

for writing
titles to
this picture!

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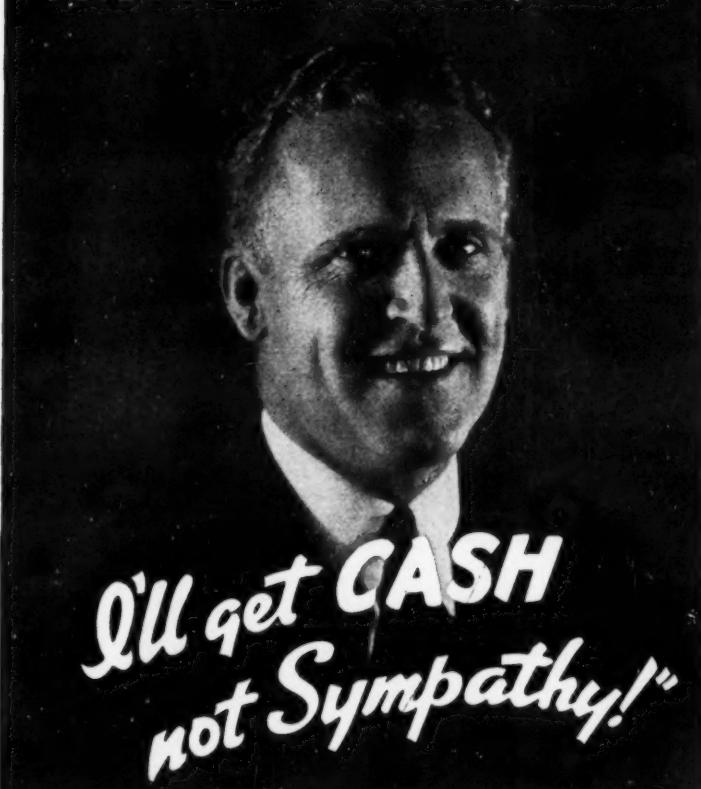
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